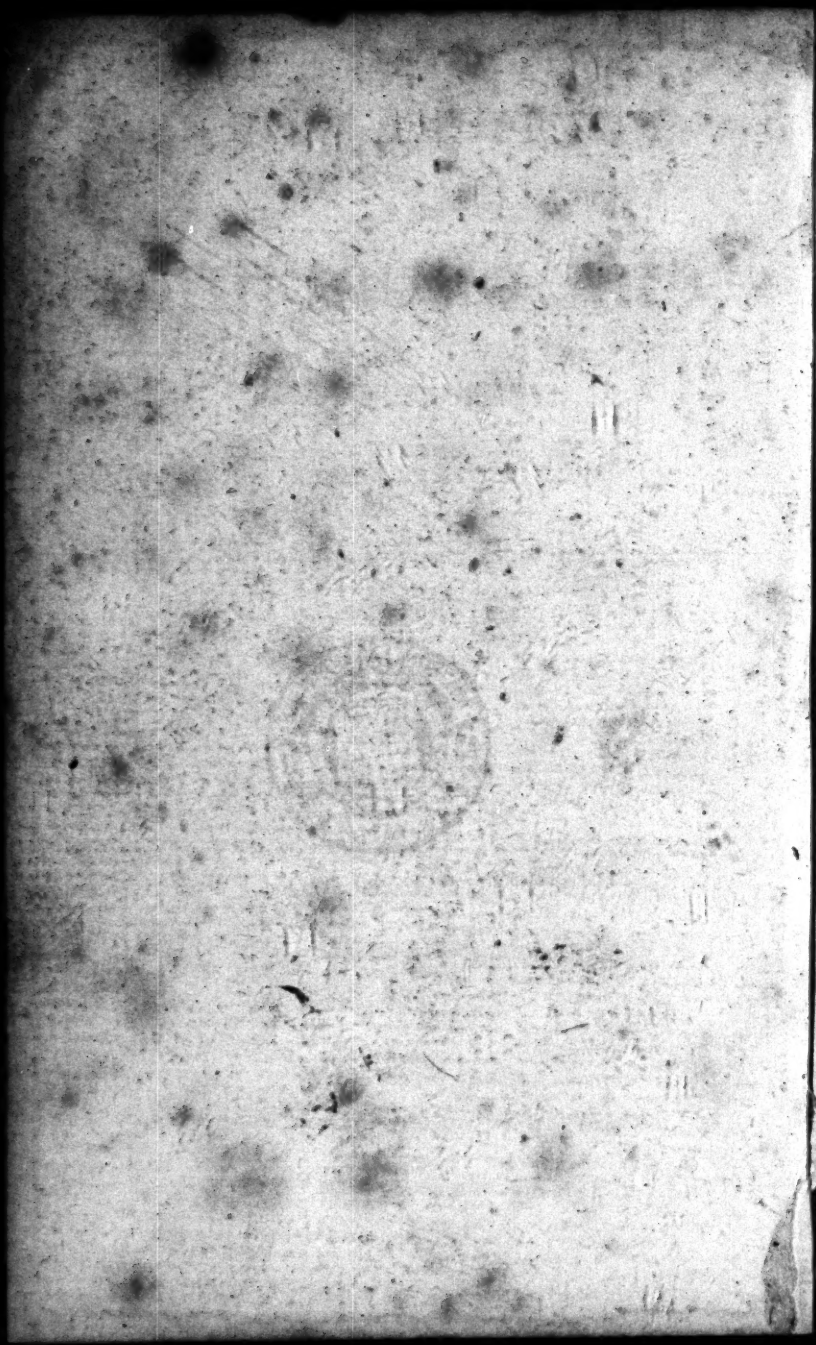
BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.
CHURCHILL VOLUME III.
Infancy straining backward from the breast,
And the fond Father sits on fother side,
Laughs at his moods and Views his spleen with pride.
Gotham Book I.

Sig. Aug. Kauffman del. Delattre Sculp.

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand, London, June 4th 1779.



THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHA. CHURCHILL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Muſe's office was by Heav'n deſign'd
To pleaſe, improve, inſtruct, reform, mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly riſe
Above the tow'ring pitch of ſplendid Vice;
To make pale Vice, abaſh'd, her head hang down,
And, trembling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown——
But if the Muſe, too cruel in her mirth,
With harſh reflections wounds the man of worth——
Aſham'd, ſhe marks that paſſage with a blot,
And hates the line where candour was forgot.

APOLOGY.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS,
Anno 1779.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHA. CHURCHILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH VAL LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Muse's office was by Heaven designed,
To please, improve, [illegible],
To make [illegible] Virtue nobly [illegible]
Above the [illegible] [illegible];
To make [illegible] Vice [illegible] down,
And, [illegible] Virtue [illegible] —
But if the Muse, too [illegible],
With [illegible] —
Aware of, the [illegible] that [illegible],
And have the line where [illegible] [illegible].

APOLOGY.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:

AT THE [illegible] PRESS, [illegible] MARTINS,

[illegible] 1770.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL,

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

DUELLIST,	TIMES,
GOTHAM,	INDEPENDENCE,
PROPHESY OF FAMINE,	POETRY PROFESSORS.

Let one poor ſprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilſt I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heav'n, indulgent, grant that pray'r!)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, ſome rhyming gueſt
Roams thro' the churchyard whilſt his dinner's dreſs,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the laſt enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;
Whilſt (O what joy that pleaſing flatt'ry gives!)
Reading my Works, he cries—Here Churchill lives!

CANDIDATE.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL.
VOL. III.

THE DUELLIST.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

The clock ſtruck twelve; o'er half the globe
Darkneſs had ſpread her pitchy robe:
Morpheus, his feet with velvet ſhod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Diſtill'd his poppies far and wide.

Ambition, who, when waking, dreams
Of mighty but fantaſtic ſchemes,
Who, when aſleep, ne'er knows that reſt
With which the humbler ſoul is bleſt,
Was building caſtles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.

Pale Study, by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading, but, with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midſt plenty, with a face
Which might the court of Famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Gray Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.
Jealouſy, his quick eye half-cloſ'd,
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd;
And mean Diſtruſt not quite forgot,
Slumber'd as if he ſlumber'd not.
Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offspring ſleeping round,
Snor'd reſtleſs Labour; by his ſide
Lay Health, a coarſe but comely bride.
Virtue, without the doctor's aid,
In the ſoft arms of Sleep was laid;
Whilſt Vice, within the guilty breaſt,
Could not be phyſick'd into reſt.
Thou bloody Man! whoſe ruffian knife
Is drawn againſt thy neighbour's life,
And never ſcruples to deſcend
Into the boſom of a friend;
A firm, faſt friend, by vice ally'd,
And to thy ſecret ſervice ty'd,
In whom ten murders breed no awe,
If properly ſecur'd from law:
Thou man of Luſt! whom paſſion fires
To fouleſt deeds, whoſe hot deſires
O'er honeſt bars with eaſe make way,
Whilſt idiot Beauty falls a prey,

And to indulge thy brutal flame
A Lucrece muſt be brought to ſhame;
Who doſt, a brave, bold ſinner, bear
Rank inceſt to the open air,
And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down:
Thou ſimular of Luſt! vain man,
Whoſe reſtleſs thoughts ſtill form the plan
Of guilt, which, wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeleſs nerves can't execute,
Whilſt in thy marrowleſs dry bones
Deſire without enjoyment groans:
Thou perjur'd Wretch! whom Falſehood clothes
Ev'n like a garment, who with oaths
Doſt trifle, as with brokers, meant
To ſerve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the day's broad and ſearching eye
Making God witneſs to a lie,
Blaſpheming heav'n and earth for pelf,
And hanging friends to ſave thyſelf:
Thou ſon of Chance! whoſe glorious ſoul,
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with honour caught,
Nor on poor virtue loſt one thought;
Who doſt thy wife, thy children, ſet,
Thy all, upon a ſingle bet,
Riſking, the deſp'rate ſtake to try,
Here and hereafter on a die;

Who, thy own private fortune loſt,
Doſt game on at thy country's coſt,
And, grown expert in ſharping rules,
Firſt fool'd thyſelf, now prey'ſt on fools:
Thou noble Gameſter! whoſe high place
Gives too much credit to diſgrace,
Who, with the motion of a die,
Doſt make a mighty iſland fly,
The ſums, I mean, of good French gold
For which a mighty iſland ſold;
Who doſt betray intelligence,
Abuſe the deareſt confidence,
And, private fortune to create,
Moſt falſely play the game of ſtate;
Who doſt within the Alley ſport
Sums which might beggar a whole court,
And make us bankrupts all, if Care,
With good Earl Talbot, was not there:
Thou daring Infidel! whom pride
And ſin have drawn from Reaſon's ſide;
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Doſt wiſh not to believe a God;
Whoſe hope is founded on a plan
Which ſhould diſtract the ſoul of man,
And make him curſe his abject birth;
Whoſe hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down, for worms a feaſt,
To rot and periſh like a beaſt;

Who doſt, of puniſhment afraid,
And by thy crimes a coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous ſoul a curſe,
Than hell and all her torments worſe,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on Deſtruction as a friend,
Chuſing to crumble into duſt
Rather than riſe, tho' riſe you muſt:
Thou Hypocrite! who doſt profane,
And take the patriot's name in vain,
Then moſt thy country's foe when moſt
Of love and loyalty you boaſt;
Who for the filthy love of gold
Thy friend, thy king, thy God, haſt ſold,
And, mocking the juſt claim of Hell,
Were bidders found, thyſelf wouldſt ſell.
Ye Villains! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim
Of Hell is certain, on whoſe lids
That worm which never dies forbids
Sweet ſleep to fall, come, and behold,
Whilſt envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitileſs Conſcience led,
So Juſtice wills, that holy bed
Where Peace her full dominion keeps,
And Innocence with Holland ſleeps.
Bid Terror, poſting on the wind,
Affray the ſpirits of mankind;

Bid Earthquakes, heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And, forcing an untimely birth
Thro' the vaſt bowels of the earth,
Endeavour, in her monſtrous womb,
At once all Nature to entomb;
Bid all that 's horrible and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conſpire
To make night hideous as they can,
Still is thy ſleep, thou virt'ous Man!
Pure as the thoughts which in thy breaſt
Inhabit, and enſure thy reſt;
Still ſhall thy Ayliff, taught, tho' late,
Thy friendly juſtice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian angel, ſpread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.
Dark was the night, by Fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations ſhake,
Might tear up Freedom from the root,
Deſtroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.
Deep Horror held her wide domain;
The ſky in ſullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
Which, op'ning, laid its boſom bare,
Loud thunders roll'd and lightning ſtream'd;
The owl at Freedom's window ſcream'd,

The screech-owl, prophet dire! whose breath
Brings sickness, and whose note is death;
The churchyard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All sad and silent, thro' the gloom
The ghosts of men in former times,
Whose public virtues were their crimes,
Indignant stalk'd; sorrow and rage
Blank'd their pale cheek: in his own age
The prop of Freedom, Hampden there
Felt after death the gen'rous care;
Sidney, by grief, from heav'n was kept,
And for his brother patriot wept:
All friends of Liberty, when Fate
Prepar'd to shorten Wilkes's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.
Hail, Liberty! a glorious word,
In other countries scarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of course,
Without or energy or force:
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, she springs,
Far, far beyond the reach of kings;
Fresh blooming from our mother Earth,
With pride and joy she owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breasts her genius burn;
Bids us with all those blessings live
Which Liberty alone can give,

Or nobly with that ſpirit die
Which makes death more than victory.
Hail thoſe old patriots, on whoſe tongue
Perſuaſion in the ſenate hung,
Whilſt they the ſacred cauſe maintain'd!
Hail thoſe old chiefs, to honour train'd,
Who ſpread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
Shall men like theſe unmention'd ſleep
Promiſcuous with the common heap,
And (Gratitude forbid the crime!)
Be carry'd down the ſtream of time
In ſhoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On Lethe's ſtream, like flags, to rot?
No—they ſhall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on honour's baſis, faſt
As the round earth to ages laſt.
Some virtues vaniſh with our breath;
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himſelf, his ſithe thrown by,
Himſelf loſt in eternity,
An everlaſting crown ſhall twine
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join.
But ſhould ſome ſlave-got villain dare
Chains for his country to prepare,
And, by his birth to ſlav'ry broke,
Make her, too, feel the galling yoke,

May he be evermore accurſt,
Amongſt bad men be rank'd the worſt;
May he be ſtill himſelf, and ſtill
Go on in vice, and perfect ill;
May his broad crimes each day increaſe,
Till he can't live nor die in peace;
May he be plung'd ſo deep in ſhame
That Satan mayn't endure his name,
And hear, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
His children curſe him for their birth;
May Liberty, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be ſtill a ſlave,
Grant him what here he moſt requires,
And damn him with his own deſires!
But ſhould ſome villain, in ſupport
And zeal for a deſpairing court,
Placing in craft his confidence,
And making honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepeſt ſhame,
Whilſt filthy lucre is his aim;
Should ſuch a wretch, with ſword or knife,
Contrive to practiſe 'gainſt the life
Of one who, honour'd thro' the land,
For Freedom made a glorious ſtand,
Whoſe chief, perhaps his only, crime
Is, (if plain Truth at ſuch a time
May dare her ſentiments to tell)
That he his country loves too well:

May he—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to speak—
May he—O for a noble curse
Which might his very marrow pierce!—
The general contempt engage,
And be the Martin of his age.

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK II.

Deep in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road, a temple stood;
Ancient, and much the worse for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from side to side,
Menac'd destruction far and wide,
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Rising in order, most unsound;
Some rotten to the heart, aloof,
Seem to support the tott'ring roof,
But to inspection nearer laid,
Instead of giving, wanted aid.
The structure, rare and curious, made
By men most famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was suffer'd into dust to fall,
Or, just to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches whom it were a crime,

A crime which Art would treaſon hold,
To mention with thoſe names of old.
Builders, who had the pile ſurvey'd,
And thoſe not Flitcrofts in their trade,
Doubted (the wiſe hand in a doubt
Merely ſometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a Brief,
Taught wiſely to obtain relief
Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other charities)
It muſt not, in all parts unſound,
Be ripp'd and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (tho' after ages ne'er
Shall raiſe a building to compare)
Art, if they ſhould their art employ,
Meant to preſerve, might not deſtroy;
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd and haſting to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of Art deſpair,
Cannot thoſe very med'cines bear
Which, and which only, can reſtore,
And make them healthy as before.
To Liberty, whoſe gracious ſmile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the Iſle,
Our grateful anceſtors, her plain
But faithful children, rais'd this fane.
Full in the front, ſtretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her ſtrength

In ſpring eternal, lay a plain
Where our brave fathers us'd to train
Their ſons to arms, to teach the art
Of war, and ſteel the infant heart.
Labour, their hardy nurſe, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had ſtrung;
Abſtinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they firſt drew breath,
The beſt of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
Health in their cheeks bade colour riſe,
And Glory ſparkled in their eyes.

The inſtruments of huſbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place ſupply'd.

Their arrows to the head they drew;
Swift to the point their jav'lins flew;
They graſp'd the ſword, they ſhook the ſpear;
Their fathers felt a pleaſing fear,
And even Courage, ſtanding by,
Scarcely beheld with ſteady eye.
Each ſtripling, leſſon'd by his ſire,
Knew when to cloſe, when to retire;
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was himſelf a war.

Their wives, their mothers, all around,
Careleſs of order, on the ground,

Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And for a ſon's or huſband's brow,
With eager fingers, laurel wove;
Laurel which, in the ſacred grove,
Planted by Liberty, they find,
The brows of conquerors to bind,
To give them pride and ſpirits, fit
To make a world in arms ſubmit.

What raptures did the boſom fire
Of the young, rugged, peaſant ſire,
When, from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of night,
He ſaw his babe reſign the breaſt,
And, ſmiling, ſtroke thoſe arms in jeſt,
With which hereafter he ſhall make
The proudeſt heart in Gallia quake!

Gods! with what joy, what honeſt pride,
Did each fond, wiſhing, ruſtic bride,
Behold her manly ſwain return!
How did her love-ſick boſom burn,
Tho' on parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, Pleaſure height'ning all her charms,
She ſtrain'd her warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilſt love and glory fire,
A ſon, a ſon juſt like his ſire!

Such were the men in former times,
Ere luxury had made our crimes

Our bitter punishment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign shore:
Such were the men who, free from dread,
By Edwards and by Henries led,
Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains:
Such were the men, when lust of pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the tyrant from those ways
On which a king should found his praise;
When stern Oppression, hand in hand
With Pride, stalk'd proudly thro' the land;
When weeping Justice was misled
From her fair course, and Mercy dead:
Such were the men, in virtue strong,
Who dar'd not see their country's wrong,
Who left the mattock and the spade,
And, in the robes of War array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpless babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, swore to see
Those babes no more, or see them free:
Such were the men whom tyrant Pride
Could never fasten to his side
By threats or bribes, who, freemen born,
Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with scorn;
Who, free from ev'ry servile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from law.

From that broad gen'ral law which Senſe
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependent ſtations riſe;
Could never be to ſlav'ry led,
For Property was at their head:
Such were the men, in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her temple on the ſacred green,
In martial paſtimes oft' were ſeen—
Now ſeen no longer—in their ſtead,
To lazineſs and vermin bred,
A race who, ſtrangers to the cauſe
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To intereſt, and ſlaves for pay.
Valour, how glorious on a plan
Of honour founded! leads their van;
Diſcretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but reſolv'd, brings up their rear;
Diſcretion, Valour's better half,
Dependence holds the gen'ral's ſtaff.
In plain and home-ſpun garb array'd,
Not for vain ſhew, but ſervice, made,
In a green flouriſhing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an equipage,
In rules of Porterage untaught,
Simplicity, not worth a groat,

For years had kept the temple-door;
Full on his breaſt a glaſs he wore,
Thro' which his boſom open lay
To ev'ry one that paſs'd that way:
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face,
But prouder heart, his vacant place
Corruption fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.

With belly round, and full fat face,
Which on the houſe reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honeſt glee,
The ſteward Hoſpitality;
Old Welcome ſmiling by his ſide,
A good old ſervant, often try'd,
And faithful found, who kept in view
His lady's fame and int'reſt too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her ſtate a-ground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern uſe) reſign'd.

Half-ſtarv'd, half-ſtarving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Deteſted, and deteſting all,
Made up of avarice and gall,
Boaſting great thrift, yet waſting more
Than ever ſteward did before,
Succeeded one who, to engage
The praiſe of an exhauſted age,

Assum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himself Economy.
Within the temple, full in sight,
Where, without ceasing, day and night
The workman toil'd; where Labour bar'd
His brawny arm; where Art prepar'd,
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a Printing-press arose;
Each workman knew his task, and each
Was honest and expert as Leach.
Hence Learning struck a deeper root,
And Science brought forth riper fruit;
Hence Loyalty receiv'd support,
Even when banish'd from the court;
Hence Government gain'd strength, and hence
Religion sought and found defence;
Hence England's fairest fame arose,
And Liberty subdu'd her foes.
On a low, simple, turf-made throne,
Rais'd by Allegiance, scarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that equality
She wish'd to all, so far as cou'd
Safely consist with social good,
The goddess sat; around her head
A cheerful radiance Glory spread:
Courage, a youth of royal race,
Lovelily stern, possess'd a place

On her left hand, and on her right
Sat Honour, cloath'd with robes of light;
Before her Magna Charta lay,
Which ſome great lawyer, of his day
The Pratt, was offic'd to explain,
And make the baſis of her reign:
Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breaſt
Two ſmiling twin-born infants preſt;
At her feet couching War was laid,
And with a brindled lion play'd:
Juſtice and Mercy, hand in hand,
Joint guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And Truth walk'd all about at large:
Health for the royal troop the feaſt
Prepar'd, and Virtue was high prieſt.
Such was the fame our goddeſs bore,
Her temple ſuch in days of yore.
What changes ruthleſs Time preſents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd, her nodding ſpires,
Her altars broke, her dying fires,
Her name deſpis'd, her prieſts deſtroy'd,
Her friends diſgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herſelf (by miniſterial arts
Depriv'd ev'n of the people's hearts,
Whilſt they, to work her ſurer woe,
Feign her to monarchy a foe)

Exil'd by grief, ſelf-doom'd to dwell
With ſome poor hermit in a cell;
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If ſhe walks forth ſhe walks unknown,
Hooted and pointed at with ſcorn,
As one in ſome ſtrange country born.
Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of ſpoilers, ſeize her place;
With looks which might the heart diſſeat,
And make life ſound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A ſtaunch old blood-hound at their head,
Who, free from virtue and from awe,
Knew none but the bad part of law,
They rov'd at large; each on his breaſt
Mark'd with a greyhound *, ſtood confeſt:
Controlment waited on their nod
High-wielding Perſecution's rod;
Confuſion follow'd at their heels,
And a caſt ſtateſman held the ſeals;
Thoſe ſeals for which he dear ſhall pay,
When awful Juſtice takes her day.
The Printers ſaw——they ſaw and fled——
Science, declining, hung her head;
Property in deſpair appear'd,
And for herſelf deſtruction fear'd;

* The King's meſſengers bear this emblematical badge of their ſwiftneſs.

Whilſt, under foot, the rude ſlaves trod
The works of men and Word of God;
Whilſt, cloſe behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay——could not, read,
A bold bad man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do miſchief) ſet his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Goſpel ſtamp'd an L.

Liberty fled, her friends withdrew;
Her friends, a faithful, choſen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,
Clothing herſelf with Honour's name,
Uſurp'd his ſtation: on the throne
Which Liberty once call'd her own,
(Gods! that ſuch mighty ills ſhould ſpring
Under ſo great, ſo good, a king,
So lov'd, ſo loving, thro' the arts
Of ſtateſmen, curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpoſe fit,
Behold in triumph Statecraft ſit.

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK III.

Ah me! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a ſtate,
Whether to ſtrengthen or oppoſe!
Falſe are his friends, and firm his foes:
How muſt his ſoul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from ſin to ſin!
What toils he ſuffers, what diſgrace,
To get, and then to keep, a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Muſt he in jeſt or earneſt fight,
Riſking for thoſe both life and limb
Who would not riſk one groat for him!
  Under the temple lay a cave,
Made by ſome guilty coward ſlave,
Whoſe actions fear'd rebuke; a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One paſſage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where Fraud in ſecret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and ſlaves about her,
Nor fear'd leſt Honeſty ſhould rout her.
  In a dark corner, ſhunning ſight
Of man, and ſhrinking from the light,
One dull dim taper thro' the cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible

The face of darkneſs, ſhe prepares,
Working unſeen, all kinds of ſnares,
With curious but deſtructive art.
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,
Gay ſtars their tinſel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a lord;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Wave plumes of feathers for the head;
Garters the hag contrives to make,
Which, as it ſeems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious madmen feel
More firm and ſure than chains of ſteel,
Which, ſlipp'd juſt underneath the knee,
Forbid a freeman to be free.
Purſes ſhe knew (did ever curſe
Travel more ſure than in a purſe?)
Which, by ſome ſtrange and magic bands,
Enſlave the ſoul and tie the hands.

Here Flatt'ry, eldeſt born of Guile,
Weaves with rare ſkill the ſilken ſmile,
The courtly cringe, the ſupple bow,
The private ſqueeze, the levee vow,
With which, no ſtrange or recent caſe,
Fools in deceive fools out of place.

Corruption (who, in former times,
Thro' fear or ſhame conceal'd her crimes,
And what ſhe did, contriv'd to do it
So that the public might not view it)

Presumpt'ous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her bus'nefs might
Be done as safe as in the night.

Her eye down-bending to the ground,
Planning some dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which stood,
All fresh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By Treason borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,
By which, since they improv'd in trade,
Excisemen have their lanthorns made;
Assassination, her whole mind,
Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclin'd;
Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,
And held forth instruments of blood,
Vile instruments, which cowards chuse,
But men of honour dare not use;
Around his Lordship and his Grace,
Both qualify'd for such a place,
With many a Forbes and many a Dun,
Each a resolv'd and pious son,
Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd
As she around her orders shar'd,
Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly,
And bid the destin'd victim die,
Posting on Villany's black wing,
Whether he patriot is or king.

Oppreſſion, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or, at the moſt, a rev'rend awe
To breed, uſurp'd the garb of Law.
A book ſhe held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, whence ſeem'd to riſe
Joy in her breaſt; a book of might
Moſt wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and, without help of laws,
Could make the worſe the better cauſe.
She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd;
She wiſh'd, and what ſhe wiſh'd believ'd,
To make that book for ever ſtand
The rule of wrong thro' all the land;
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was Magna Charta wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter leſſon, N——'s Creed.
Ready, ev'n with a look, to run,
Faſt as the courſers of the ſun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-ſtarv'd grayhounds took their ſtand.
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a moſt ancient caſtle ſtood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And ſoldiers on the watch kept guard;
In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote, The Tow'r; but on the back,

Mark'd with a Secretary's seal,
In bloody letters, The Bastile.
Around a table, fully bent
On mischief of most black intent,
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer last, to work the bane
Of one firm patriot, whose heart, ty'd
To honour, all their pow'r defy'd,
And brought those actions into light
They wish'd to have conceal'd in night,
Begot, born, bred, to infamy,
A privy-council sat of three:
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour thro' the land of Bute.
The first (entitled to the place
Of honour both by gown and grace,
Who never let occasion slip
To take right hand of fellowship,
And was so proud, that should he meet
The Twelve Apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
Still go together side by side)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a stirrup for the devil;
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and ride behind;

Who basely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For patrons first, then for a wife;
Wrote Dedications which must make
The heart of ev'ry Christian quake;
Made one man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before
His God he left, and, drawn by pride,
Shifted about to t' other side)
Was by his sire a parson made,
Merely to give the boy a trade;
But he himself was thereto drawn,
By some faint omens of the lawn,
And on the truly Christian plan
To make himself a gentleman,
A title in which Form array'd him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when she made him.
The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wise men do,
With an intent, if things should turn,
Rather to temporize than burn.
Gospel and loyalty were made
To serve the purposes of trade:
Religion's are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wise,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, just like a glove:
All gods, all kings, (let his great aim
Be answer'd) were to him the same.

A curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, whilst he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
With more than she could well contain;
More than she was with spirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digested food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London, from the plow
And pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn; he grew polite,
And was the poet's parasite.
With wits conversing (and wits then
Were to be found 'mongst noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught, the flame,
And would be nothing, or the same.
He drank with drunkards, liv'd with sinners,
Herded with infidels for dinners;
With such an emphasis and grace
Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace:
He, in the highest reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdy songs to a psalm tune;
Liv'd with men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his salvation for a smile;
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with man;

Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their mem'ries after death.
To prove his faith, which all admit
Is at leaſt equal to his wit,
And make himſelf a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote:
So long he wrote, and long, about it,
That ev'n believers 'gan to doubt it:
He wrote, too, of the inward light,
Tho' no one knew how he came by't,
And of that influencing grace
Which in his life ne'er found a place:
He wrote, too, of the Holy Ghoſt,
Of whom no more than doth a poſt
He knew, nor, ſhould an angel ſhow him,
Would he or know or chuſe to know him.
Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry ſcience
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, t' advance his Maker's praiſe,
Comments on rhymes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-ſufficient air
Plac'd himſelf in the critic's chair,
Uſurp'd o'er reaſon full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain ſimple man of law,
He arm'd dead friends, to vengeance true,
T' abuſe the man they never knew.

Examine ſtrictly all mankind,
Moſt characters are mix'd we find,
And vice and virtue take their turn
In the ſame breaſt to beat and burn.
Our prieſt was an exception here,
Nor did one ſpark of grace appear,
Not one dull dim ſpark in his ſoul;
Vice, glorious Vice! poſſeſs'd the whole,
And, in her ſervice truly warm,
He was in ſin moſt uniform.
Injurious Satire! own at leaſt
One ſniv'lling virtue in the prieſt,
One ſniv'lling virtue, which is plac'd,
They ſay, in or about the waiſt,
Call'd Chaſtity; the prudiſh dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his wife (and in theſe days
Wives ſeldom without reaſon praiſe)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And ſwears that Tom was vaſtly wild.
Ripen'd by a long courſe of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In ſhape ſcarce of the human kind,
A man, without a manly mind;
No huſband tho' he 's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred
No father; injur'd, without end
A foe; and tho' oblig'd no friend;

A heart which virtue ne'er disgrac'd;
A head where learning runs to waste;
A gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Rests in the article of reading;
A man of this world, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A judge of genius, tho' confess'd
With not one spark of genius bless'd;
Amongst the first of critics plac'd,
Tho' free from ev'ry taint of taste;
A Christian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;
A great divine, as lords agree,
Without the least divinity.
To crown all, in declining age,
Inflam'd with church and party rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A false saint and true hypocrite.
Next sat a lawyer, often try'd
In perilous extremes; when Pride
And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, stood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood,
This bold bad man arose to view,
And gave his hand to help them thro':
Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they past
He saw poor Freedom breathe her last;
He saw her struggle, heard her groan;
He saw her helpless and alone,

Whelm'd in that ſtorm which, fear'd and prais'd
By ſlaves leſs bold, himſelf had rais'd.
Bred to the law, he from the firſt
Of all bad lawyers was the worſt.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime;
He, for a prodigy deſign'd
To ſpread amazement o'er mankind,
Started full ripen'd all at once
A perfect knave and perfect dunce.
Who will for him may boaſt of ſenſe,
His better guard is impudence:
His front, with ten-fold plates of braſs
Secur'd, Shame never yet could paſs,
Nor on the ſurface of his ſkin
Bluſh for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often, in contempt of laws,
To ſound the bottom of a cauſe,
To ſearch out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,
Hath he ta'en briefs on falſe pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of truſting fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, ev'n in open court,
Hath the wretch made his ſhame his ſport,

And laugh'd off, with a villain's eaſe,
Throwing up briefs and keeping fees?
Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
Had ſtruck a little villain dead.
Cauſes, whatever their import,
He undertakes to ſerve a court;
For he by heart this rule had got,
Pow'r can effect what law cannot.
Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,
His weak ſoul ſickens at the ſight,
And ſtrives to plunge them down in night.
So loud he talks, ſo very loud,
He is an angel with the crowd,
Whilſt he makes Juſtice hang her head,
And judges turn from pale to red.
Bid all that Nature, on a plan
Moſt intimate, makes dear to man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties
Binds good and bad, the fool and wiſe,
Knock at his heart; they knock in vain;
No entrance there ſuch ſuitors gain:
Bid kneeling kings forſake the throne,
Bid at his feet his country groan;
Bid Liberty ſtretch out her hands,
Religion plead her ſtronger bands;
Bid parents, children, wife, and friends,
If they come thwart his private ends,

Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
And bravely tramples on them all.
Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
And let weak Conſcience with her line
Chalk out their ways; ſuch ſtarving rules
Are only fit for coward fools;
Fellows who credit what prieſts tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of hell;
His ſpirit dares contend with Grace,
And meets Damnation face to face.
Such was our lawyer; by his ſide
In all bad qualities ally'd,
In all bad counſels, ſat a third,
By birth a lord; O ſacred word!
O word moſt ſacred! whence men get
A privilege to run in debt;
Whence they at large exemption claim
From Satire, and her ſervant Shame;
Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold Truth to hold her courſe.
Conſult his perſon, dreſs, and air,
He ſeems, which ſtrangers well might ſwear,
The maſter, or, by courteſy,
The captain of a colliery.
Look at his viſage, and agree
Half-hang'd he ſeems, juſt from the tree
Eſcap'd; a rope may ſometimes break,
Or men be cut down by miſtake.

He hath not virtue (in the ſchool
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
Nor hath he ſenſe (which none can doubt
Who know the man) to live without.
His life is a continued ſcene
Of all that 's infamous and mean;
He knows not change, unleſs, grown nice
And delicate, from vice to vice;
Nature deſign'd him, in a rage,
To be the Wharton of his age,
But having giv'n all the ſin,
Forgot to put the virtues in.
To run a horſe, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch;
To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
To ſweat a woman of the Town;
By fits to keep the peace, or break it,
In turn to give a pox, or take it;
He is, in faith, moſt excellent,
And, in the word's moſt full intent,
A true Choice Spirit we admit;
With wits a fool, with fools a wit.
Hear him but talk, and you would ſwear
Obſcenity herſelf was there;
And that Profaneneſs had made choice,
By way of trump, to uſe his voice;
That in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at Billingſgate;

And that, aſcending to the earth
Before the ſeaſon of his birth,
Blaſphemy, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his mother's womb:
Too honeſt (for the worſt of men
In forms are honeſt now and then)
Not to have, in the uſual way,
His bills ſent in; too great to pay:
Too proud to ſpeak to, if he meets
The honeſt tradeſman whom he cheats:
Too infamous to have a friend;
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or good to name; beneath whoſe weight
Earth groans; who hath been ſpar'd by Fate
Only to ſhew, on mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with man.
Such were the three who, mocking ſleep,
At midnight ſat, in counſel deep,
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a head
Whoſe wiſdom could not be miſled;
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a heart
Which ne'er from honour would depart.
" Is he not rank'd amongſt our foes?
" Hath not his ſpirit dar'd oppoſe
" Our deareſt meaſures, made our name
" Stand forward on the roll of ſhame?
" Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
" By ſcorning menaces and bribes,

" And proving that his darling cauſe
" Is of their liberties and laws
" To ſtand the champion? In a word,
" Nor need one argument be heard
" Beyond this to awake our zeal,
" To quicken our reſolves, and ſteel
" Our ſteady ſouls to bloody bent,
" (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
" Each flatt'ring hope) he, without fear,
" Hath dar'd to make the truth appear."
They ſaid, and, by reſentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought;
Each, bent on miſchief, rack'd his brain
To her full ſtretch, but rack'd in vain:
Scheme after ſcheme they brought to view;
All were examin'd; none would do:
When Fraud, with pleaſure in her face,
Forth iſſu'd from her hiding-place,
And at the table where they meet,
Firſt having bleſs'd them, took her ſeat.
" No trifling cauſe, my darling Boys!
" Your preſent thoughts and cares employs;
" No common ſnare, no random blow,
" Can work the bane of ſuch a foe,
" By Nature cautious as he's brave,
" To honour only he's a ſlave;
" In that weak part without defence,
" We muſt to honour make pretence;

" That lure shall to his ruin draw
" The wretch who stands secure in law:
" Nor think that I have idly plann'd
" This full-ripe scheme; behold at hand,
" With three months training on his head,
" An instrument whom I have bred,
" Born of these bowels, far from sight
" Of virtue's false but glaring light,
" My youngest born, my dearest joy,
" Most like myself, my darling boy:
" He, never touch'd with vile remorse,
" Resolv'd and crafty in his course,
" Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,
" Most mine when most he Honour's seems;
" Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
" So firm and full a slave of Fraud."
She said, and from each envious son
A discontented murmur run
Around the table; all in place
Thought his full praise their own disgrace,
Wond'ring what stranger she had got,
Who had one vice that they had not;
When straight the portals open flew,
And, clad in armour, to their view
M——, the Duellist, came forth;
All knew, and all confess'd his worth;
All justify'd, with smiles array'd,
The happy choice their dam had made.

GOTHAM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

FAR off (no matter whether east or west,
A real country, or one made in jest,
Not yet by modern Mandevilles disgrac'd,
Nor by map-jobbers wretchedly misplac'd)
There lies an island, neither great nor small,
Which for distinction sake, I Gotham call.
The man who finds an unknown country out,
By giving it a name acquires, no doubt,
A Gospel title, tho' the people there
The pious Christian thinks not worth his care:
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of Europe to the Western world.
Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,
Some roving buccaneer set up a post;
A beam, in proper form transversely laid,
Of his Redeemer's cross the figure made,
Of that Redeemer with whose laws his life,
From first to last, had been one scene of strife;
His royal master's name thereon engrav'd,
Without more process the whole race enslav'd,
Cut off that charter they from Nature drew,
And made them slaves to men they never knew.
Search ancient histories, consult records,
Under this title the most Christian lords

Hold (thanks to conſcience) more than half the ball;
O'erthrow this title, they have none at all;
For never yet might any monarch dare,
Who liv'd to truth, and breath'd a Chriſtian air,
Pretend that Chriſt, (who came, we all agree,
To bleſs his people, and to ſet them free)
To make a convert ever one law gave
By which converters made him firſt a ſlave.

Spite of the gloſſes of a canting prieſt,
Who talks of charity but means a feaſt,
Who recommends it (whilſt he ſeems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
To give them heav'n whom they have robb'd of earth,
Never ſhall one, one truly honeſt man,
Who, bleſs'd with Liberty, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment that a ſavage fire
Could from his wretched race, for childiſh hire,
By a wild grant, their all, their freedom paſs,
And ſell his country for a bit of glaſs.

Or grant this barb'rous right; let Spain and France,
In ſlav'ry bred, as purchaſers advance;
Let them, whilſt conſcience is at diſtance hurl'd,
With ſome gay bawble buy a golden world:
An Engliſhman, in charter'd freedom born,
Shall ſpurn the ſlaviſh merchandiſe, ſhall ſcorn
To take from others, thro' baſe private views,
What he himſelf would rather die than loſe.

Happy the ſavage of thoſe early times,
Ere Europe's ſons were known, and Europe's crimes!
Gold, curſed gold! ſlept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its miſchiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full content he found the trueſt wealth,
In toil he found diverſion, food, and health;
Stranger to eaſe and luxury of courts,
His ſports were labours, and his labours ſports;
His youth was hardy, and his old age green;
Life's morn was vig'rous, and her eve ſerene;
No rules he held but what were made for uſe,
No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;
Falſe lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.
Happy, thrice happy, now, the ſavage race,
Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace!
Paſtors ſhe ſends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read;
And on ſure grounds the Goſpel pile to rear,
Sends miſſionary felons ev'ry year:
Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs:
Her rank oppreſſions give them cauſe to riſe,
Her want of prudence means and arms ſupplies,
Whilſt her brave rage, not ſatisfy'd with life,
Riſing in blood, adopts the ſcalping-knife:
Knowledge ſhe gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their ſtate, how deep their woe:

The worth of freedom strongly she explains, [chains:
Whilst she bows down and loads their necks with
Faith, too, she plants, for her own ends impress,
To make them bear the worst and hope the best;
And whilst she teaches, on vile int'rest's plan,
As laws of God the wild decrees of man,
Like Pharisees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
She makes them ten times more the sons of Hell.

But whither do these grave reflections tend?
Are they design'd for any or no end?
Briefly but this—to prove, that by no act
Which Nature made, that by no equal pact
'Twixt man and man, which might, if Justice heard,
Stand good; that by no benefits conferr'd,
Or purchase made, Europe in chains can hold
The sons of India and her mines of gold.
Chance led her there in an accursed hour;
She saw, and made the country her's by pow'r;
Nor, drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,
Shall my rash folly controvert the claim,
Or wish in thought that title overthrown
Which coincides with and involves my own.

Europe discover'd India first; I found
My right to Gotham on the self-same ground;
I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea
To her be granted and deny'd to me.
I plead possession, and, till one more bold
Shall drive me out, will that possession hold.

With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine;
Her's be the Weſtern world, be Gotham mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Liſt up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs; and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
As on a day, a high and holy day,
Let ev'ry inſtrument of muſic play,
Ancient and modern; thoſe which drew their birth
(Punctilio's laid aſide) from Pagan earth,
As well as thoſe by Chriſtian made and Jew,
Theſe known to many, and thoſe known to few;
Thoſe which in whim and frolic lightly float,
And thoſe which ſwell the ſlow and ſolemn note;
Thoſe which (whilſt Reaſon ſtands in wonder by)
Make ſome complexions laugh and others cry;
Thoſe which, by ſome ſtrange faculty of ſound,
Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;
Thoſe which can tear up foreſts by the roots,
And make brutes dance like men, and men like brutes;
Thoſe which, whilſt Ridicule leads up the dance,
Make clowns of Monmouth, ape the fops of France;
Thoſe which, where Lady Dulneſs with Lord May'rs
Preſides, diſdaining light and trifling airs,
Hallow the feaſt with pſalmody, and thoſe
Which, planted in our churches to diſpoſe

And lift the mind to Heaven, are disgrac'd
With what a foppish organist calls Taste:
All, from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,
The pert son of dull sire, discharg'd from school,
Serves an apprenticeship in college ease,
And rises thro' the gamut to degrees)
To those which (tho' less common, not less sweet)
From fam'd Saint Giles's, and more fam'd Vine-street,
(Where Heav'n, the utmost wish of man to grant,
Gave me an old house, and an older aunt)
Thornton, whilst Humour pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode;
All instruments, (attend ye list'ning Spheres!
Attend ye sons of men, and hear with ears)
All instruments, (nor shall they seek one hand
Impress'd from modern Music's coxcomb band)
All instruments, self-acted, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe,
My praises, whilst gay Nature, in a robe,
A coxcomb doctor's robe, to the full sound
Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances round.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Infancy, ſtraining backward from the breaſt,
Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth beſt
Refuſing in his fits, whilſt all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a ſmile,
And the fond father ſits on t' other ſide,
Laughs at his moods, and views his ſpleen with pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, whilſt at his hand
Nurſe ſtands interpreter thro' Gotham's land.

Childhood, who, like an April morn, appears
Sunſhine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd by ſtarts, in paſſion warm,
In reaſon weak; who, wrought into a ſtorm,
Like to the fretful billows of the deep,
Soon ſpends his rage, and cries himſelf aſleep;
Who, with a fev'riſh appetite oppreſs'd,
For trifles ſighs, but hates them when poſſeſs'd,
His trembling laſh ſuſpended in the air,
Half-bent, and ſtroking back his long lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.

Youth, who, fierce, fickle, inſolent, and vain,
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a caſt
Of dear regard looks back on Childhood paſt,
In the mid-chaſe, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick ſpirits mount into his eye;
When pleaſure, which he deems his greateſt wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health;

When the chaf'd ſteed tugs proudly at the rein,
And ere he ſtarts hath run o'er half the plain;
When, wing'd with fear, the ſtag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds purſue,
Shall ſhout my praiſe to hills which ſhout again,
And ev'n the huntſman ſtop to cry Amen.

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow
Tho' worlds ſhould crack around him; on his brow
Wiſdom ſerene, to paſſion giving law,
Beſpeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
Dignity into grace by mildneſs wrought;
Courage attemper'd and refin'd by thought;
Virtue ſupreme enthron'd, within his breaſt
The image of his Maker deep impreſt;
Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
With reaſon bleſs'd, and only leſs than God;
Manhood, tho' weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
Tho' Honour calls in Danger's form array'd,
Tho' cloath'd with ſackcloth, Juſtice in the gates,
By wicked elders chain'd, Redemption waits,
Manhood ſhall ſteal an hour, a little hour,
(Is 't not a little one?) to hail my pow'r.

Old Age, a ſecond child, by Nature curſt
With more and greater evils than the firſt;
Weak, fickly, full of pains, in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with ſage and ſolemn air,
From day to day, without one day to ſpare;

Without enjoyment covetous of pelf,
Tireſome to friends, and tireſome to himſelf;
His facultïes impair'd, his temper ſour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
Ev'n with the acting on his ſhatter'd brain;
Tho' the falſe regiſters of youth remain;
From morn to ev'ning babbling forth vain praiſe
Of thoſe rare men who liv'd in thoſe rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young,
Dull repetitions falt'ring on his tongue;
Praiſing gray hairs, ſure mark of Wiſdom's ſway,
Ev'n whilſt he curſes Time which made him gray;
Scoffing at youth, ev'n whilſt he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth reſtor'd,
Shall for a moment, from himſelf ſet free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praiſe to me.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs; and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

Things without life ſhall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others' praiſe be loud in mine.

The ſnow-drop, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the herald of fair Flora's train;
The coxcomb crocus, flow'r of ſimple note,
Who by her ſide ſtruts in a herald's coat;

The tulip, idly glaring to the view,
Who, tho' no clown, his birth from Holland drew;
Who, once full dreſs'd, fears from his place to ſtir,
The ſop of flow'rs, the More of a parterre;
The woodbine, who her elm in marriage meets,
And brings her dow'ry in ſurrounding ſweets;
The lily, ſilver miſtreſs of the vale,
The roſe of Sharon, which perfumes the gale;
The jeſſamine, with which the queen of flow'rs
To charm her god adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
Which brides, by the plain hand of Neatneſs dreſt,
Unenvy'd rival, wear upon their breaſt,
Sweet as the incenſe of the morn, and chaſte
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waiſt;
All flow'rs of various names and various forms,
Which the ſun into ſtrength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf daiſy, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it ſprings,
To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly ruſhing to the ſun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aſpiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others' praiſe be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs; and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,

The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Forming a gloom thro' which, to ſpleen-ſtruck minds,
Religion, horror-ſtamp'd, a paſſage finds,
The ivy crawling o'er the hallow'd cell
Where ſome old hermit 's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the myrtle ever green,
Beneath whoſe ſhade Love holds his rites unſeen;
The willow, weeping o'er the fatal wave
Where many a lover finds a watry grave;
The cypreſs, ſacred held when lovers mourn
Their true love ſnatch'd away; the laurel, worn
By poets in old time, but deſtin'd now,
In grief, to wither on a Whitehead's brow;
The fig, which, large as what in India grows,
Itſelf a grove, gave our firſt parents clothes;
The vine, which, like a bluſhing new-made bride,
Cluſt'ring, empurples all the mountain's ſide;
The yew, which, in the place of ſculptur'd ſtone,
Marks out the reſting-place of men unknown;
The hedge-row elm, the pine, of mountain race;
The fir, the Scotch fir, never out of place;
The cedar, whoſe top mates the higheſt cloud,
Whilſt his old father Lebanon grows proud
Of ſuch a child, and his vaſt body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial ſhade;
The oak, when living, monarch of the wood;
The Engliſh oak, which, dead, commands the flood;

All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others' praiſe be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice;
The voice of gladneſs; and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The ſhow'rs, which make the young hills, like young lambs,
Bound and rebound; the old hills, like old rams,
Unwieldy, jump for joy; the ſtreams, which glide,
Whilſt Plenty marches ſmiling by their ſide,
And from their boſom riſing Commerce ſprings;
The winds, which riſe with healing on their wings,
Before whoſe cleanſing breath Contagion flies;
The ſun, who, travelling in eaſtern ſkies,
Freſh, full of ſtrength, juſt riſen from his bed,
Tho' in Jove's paſtures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip can ſcarce make his ſteeds ſtir,
Step by ſtep, up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for reſt,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the weſt
As faſt as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's ſin,
Drove for a crown, or poſtboys for an inn;
The moon, who holds o'er night her ſilver reign,
Regent of tides, and miſtreſs of the brain,
Who to her ſons, thoſe ſons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,

Gives madneſs as a bleſſing, but diſpenſes
Wiſdom to fools, and damns them with their ſenſes;
The ſtars, who, by I know not what ſtrange right,
Preſide o'er mortals in their own deſpite,
Who, without reaſon, govern thoſe who moſt
(How truly judge from thence!) of reaſon boaſt,
And, by ſome mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others' praiſe be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs; and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

The moment, minute, hour, day, week, month, year,
Morning and eve, as they in turn appear;
Moments and minutes, which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or if omitted, (proof we might afford)
Worthy by parliaments to be reſtor'd;
The Hours, which, dreſs'd by turns in black and white,
Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on Day and Night;
The Day, thoſe hours, I mean, when light preſides,
And Buſ'neſs in a cart with Prudence rides;
The Night, thoſe hours, I mean, with darkneſs hung,
When Senſe ſpeaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;

All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
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Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
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Tho' in Jove's paſtures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip can ſcarce make his ſteeds ſtir,
Step by ſtep, up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for reſt,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the weſt
As faſt as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's ſin,
Drove for a crown, or poſtboys for an inn;
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And Buſ'neſs in a cart with Prudence rides;
The Night, thoſe hours, I mean, with darkneſs hung,
When Senſe ſpeaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;

The morn, when Nature, rousing from her strife
With death-like sleep, awakes to second life;
The eve, when, as unequal to the task,
She mercy from her foe descends to ask;
The week, in which six days are kindly given
To think of earth, and one to think of heav'n;
The months, twelve sisters, all of diff'rent hue,
Tho' there appears in all a likeness too;
Not such a likeness as, thro' Hayman's works,
Dull Manneriſt in Christians, Jews, and Turks,
Cloys with a sameness in each female face,
But a strange something born of Art and Grace,
Which speaks them all, to vary and adorn,
At diff'rent times of the same parents born;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Frore January, leader of the year,
Mint'd-pies in van and calves heads in the rear;
Dull February, in whose leaden reign
My mother bore a bard without a brain; [cheeks,
March, various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd
By wilder Welshmen led, and crown'd with leeks;

April with fools, and May with baſtards bleſt;
June with White Roſes on her rebel breaſt;
July, to whom, the Dog-ſtar in her train,
Saint James gives oyſters, and Saint Swithin rain;
Auguſt, who, baniſh'd from her Smithfield ſtand,
To Chelſea flies, with Dogget in her hand;
September, when by cuſtom (right divine)
Geeſe are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's ſhrine,
Whilſt the prieſt, not ſo full of grace as wit,
Falls to unbleſs'd, nor gives the ſaint a bit;
October, who the cauſe of freedom join'd,
And gave a ſecond George to bleſs mankind;
November, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint Andrew boaſts, and our Auguſta's birth;
December, laſt of months, but beſt, who gave
A Chriſt to man, a Saviour to the ſlave,
Whilſt, falſely grateful, man, at the full feaſt,
To do God honour makes himſelf a beaſt;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others' praiſe be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs; and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

The ſeaſons as they roll; Spring, by her ſide
Lech'ry and Lent, lay-folly and church-pride,

By a rank monk to copulation led,
A tub of fainted ſalt-fiſh on her head:
Summer, in light tranſparent gauze array'd,
Like maids of honour at a maſquerade,
In bawdry gauze, for which our daughters leave
The fig, more modeſt, firſt brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, inflam'd with luſtful fires,
Yet wanting ſtrength to perfect her deſires,
Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each ſtep, and ſlumbers on his feet:
Autumn, when Nature, who with ſorrow feels
Her dread foe winter treading on her heels,
Makes up in value what ſhe wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her ſtrength,
Bids corn and fruits in full perfection riſe,
Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without exciſe:
Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of fur, ſince furs became our own;
A hag who, loathing all, by all is loath'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly, libels cloath'd,
Vile Faction at her heels, who, mighty grown,
Would rule the ruler, and foreclose the throne,
Would turn all ſtate-affairs into a trade,
Make laws one day, the next to be unmade,
Beggar at home a people fear'd abroad,
And, force defeated, make them ſlaves by fraud;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others' praiſe be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs; and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The year, grand circle! in whoſe ample round
The ſeaſons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who, in his courſe repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the ſame things which he had ſeen before;
The ſame ſtars keep their watch, and the ſame ſun
Runs in the track where he from firſt hath run;
The ſame moon rules the night; tides ebb and flow,
Man is a puppet and this world a ſhow;
Their old dull follies old dull fools purſue,
And vice in nothing but in mode is new;
He ——— a lord (now fair befall that pride,
He liv'd a villain, but a lord he dy'd)
Daſhwood is pious, Berkley fix'd as Fate,
Sandwich, (thank Heav'n!) firſt Miniſter of State,
And tho' by fools deſpis'd, by ſaints unbleſs'd,
By friends neglected, and by foes oppreſs'd,
Scorning the ſervile arts of each court elf,
Founded on honour, Wilkes is ſtill himſelf)
The year, encircled with the various train
Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,
And dumb to others' praiſe be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs; and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Thus far in ſport—nor let our critics hence,
Who ſell out Monthly traſh, and call it Senſe,
Too lightly of our preſent labours deem,
Or judge at random of ſo high a theme:
High is our theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the ſharpeſt ſtroke of ſatire's pen;
But when kind Time a proper ſeaſon brings,
In ſerious mood to treat of ſerious things,
Then ſhall they find, diſdaining idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as they.
Thus far in ſport—nor let half patriots, thoſe
Who ſhrink from ev'ry blaſt of Pow'r which blows,
Who, with tame Cowardice familiar grown,
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to ſpeak their own;
Who, leſt bold truths, (to do ſage Prudence ſpite,
Should burſt the portals of their lips by night,
Tremble to truſt themſelves one hour in ſleep)
Condemn our courſe, and hold our caution cheap;
When brave Occaſion bids, for ſome great end
When Honour calls the poet as a friend,
Then ſhall they find that, ev'n on danger's brink,
He dares to ſpeak what they ſcarce dare to think.

GOTHAM.

BOOK II.

How much miſtaken are the men who think
That all who will, without reſtraint, may drink;
May largely drink, ev'n till their bowels burſt,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirſt,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beſide whoſe ſtreams the Muſes love to dwell!
Verſe is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilſt, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, muſic comes of courſe.
Little do ſuch men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly, racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digeſt,
To cull fit phraſes, and reject the reſt;
To know the times when Humour on the cheek
Of Mirth may hold her ſports; when Wit ſhould ſpeak,
And when be ſilent; when to uſe the pow'rs
Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
Nor waſte their ſweetneſs in the deſert air;
To form, (which few can do, and ſcarcely one,
One critic in an age, can find when done)

To form a plan, to ſtrike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture ſhine
A full and perfect piece; to make coy Rhyme
Renounce her follies, and with Senſe keep time;
To make proud Senſe againſt her nature bend,
And wear the chains of Rhyme, yet call her Friend.
Some fops there are, among the ſcribbling tribe,
Who make it all their bus'neſs to deſcribe,
No matter whether in or out of place;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb Fancy brings,
The rags of beggars and the robes of kings.
Let dull Propriety in ſtate preſide
O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide;
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of thoſe tame drudges, Judgment, Taſte, and Senſe,
Nor would forgive herſelf the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with Perſon, Place, and Time.
Let liquid gold emblaze the ſun at noon,
With borrow'd beams let ſilver pale the moon;
Let ſurges hoarſe laſh the reſounding ſhore,
Let ſtreams meander, and let torrents roar;
Let them breed up the melancholy breeze
To ſigh with ſighing, ſob with ſobbing trees;
Let vales embroid'ry wear; let flow'rs be ting'd
With various tints; let clouds be lac'd or fring'd,
They have their wiſh; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they ſigh for toys;

Give them the crown, the ſceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.
Others there are who, in one ſolemn pace,
With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend
On ſenſe to bring them to their journey's end:
They would not (Heav'n forbid!) their courſe delay,
Nor for a moment ſtep out of the way,
To make the barren road thoſe graces wear
Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.
Vain Men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan,
Ne'er find a paſſage to the heart of man;
Who, bred 'mongſt fogs in academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not underſtand;
Who, deſtitute of humour, wit, and taſte,
Let all their little knowledge run to waſte,
And fruſtrate each good purpoſe, whilſt they wear
The robes of Learning with a ſloven's air.
Tho' ſolid reas'ning arms each ſterling line,
Tho' Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"
Vice, whilſt from page to page dull morals creep,
Throws by the book, and Virtue falls aſleep.
Senſe, mere dull, formal, Senſe, in this gay Town,
Muſt have ſome vehicle to paſs her down;
Nor can ſhe for an hour inſure her reign,
Unleſs ſhe brings fair Pleaſure in her train.
Let her from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave ſolemnities appear,

And, with the voice of trumpets, thro' the ſtreets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one ſhe meets;
Half who paſs by are deaf, and t'other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver ſons of letter'd Pride!
Taking for once Experience as a guide;
Quit this grand error, this dull college mode;
Be your purſuits the ſame, but change the road;
Write, or at leaſt appear to write, with eaſe,
And if you mean to profit learn to pleaſe.

In vain for ſuch miſtakes they pardon claim,
Becauſe they wield the pen in Virtue's name:
Thrice ſacred is that name, thrice bleſs'd the man
Who thinks, ſpeaks, writes, and lives, on ſuch a plan!
This, in himſelf, himſelf of courſe muſt bleſs,
But cannot with the world promote ſucceſs.
He may be ſtrong, but, with effect to ſpeak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak:
Plain rigid truths, which ſaints with comfort bear,
Will make the ſinner tremble and deſpair.
True Virtue acts from love, and the great end
At which ſhe nobly aims is to amend:
How then do thoſe miſtake who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cauſe!
They mean to help, whilſt with a zealot rage
They make that goddeſs, whom they'd have engage
Our deareſt love, in hideous terror riſe!
Such may be honeſt, but they can't be wiſe.

In her own full and perfect blaze of light
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight;
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence:
But to make strong conviction deeper sink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,
Like God made man, she lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye:
In earnest most when most she seems in jest,
She worms into, and winds around, the breast;
To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,
And seems unlike herself to gain her end.
The sons of Sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To hush the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant Conscience in delusive sleep,
Read on at random, nor suspect the dart
Until they find it rooted in their heart.
'Gainst vice they give their vote, nor know at first
That, cursing that, themselves too they have curst;
They see not till they fall into the snares,
Deluded into virtue unawares.
Thus the shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind,
When pregnant horror sits and broods o'er wind,
Discarding drugs, and striving how to please,
Lures on insensibly, by slow degrees,
The patient to those manly sports which bind
The slacken'd sinews, and relieve the mind;

The patient feels a change as wrought by ſtealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.
Some few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rhymes
In other lands, and here, in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the midwife Muſe
Sprinkled all over with Caſtalian dews,
To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,
Whom Art by juſt degrees led up to men; [tween
Some few, extremes well ſhunn'd, have ſteer'd be-
Theſe dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mien:
Senſe in their works maintains her proper ſtate,
But never ſleeps, or labours with her weight;
Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,
But never dares from Senſe to run aſtray:
So nice the maſter's touch, ſo great his care,
The colours boldly glow, not idly glare;
Mutually giving and receiving aid,
They ſet each other off like light and ſhade,
And, as by ſtealth, with ſo much ſoftneſs blend,
'Tis hard to ſay where they begin or end:
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
Senſe perfects grace, and grace enlivens ſenſe.
Peace to the men who theſe high honours claim,
Health to their ſouls, and to their mem'ries fame:
Be it my taſk, and no mean taſk, to teach
A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach:
Let me at diſtance, with a ſteady eye,
Obſerve and mark their paſſage to the ſky;

From envy free, applaud such rising worth,
And praise their heav'n tho' pinion'd down to earth.
Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilst spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finish, and make ev'ry grace,
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on I seize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the Town;
Hence rude unfinish'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of Rhyme,
And the poor flattern Muse is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulses play
Thro' the dull dubious mass, no breath makes way,
Doubt, greatly doubt, till for a glass they call,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all;
Others on other grounds objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt, as the sex might well a midwife pose,
Whether they should baptize it Verse or Prose.
Ev'n what my masters please; bards, mild, meek men,
In love to critics stumble now and then.
Something I do myself, and something too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.

In the ſmall compaſs of my careleſs page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed where Maſon can feed one.
When Satire ſtoops, unmindful of her ſtate,
To praiſe the man I love, curſe him I hate;
When ſenſe, in tides of paſſion borne along,
Sinking to proſe, degrades the name of ſong;
The cenſor ſmiles, and, whilſt my credit bleeds,
With as high reliſh on the carrion feeds
As the proud Earl fed at a turtle feaſt,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worſe than beaſt,
Ate till his bowels guſh'd upon the floor,
Yet ſtill ate on, and dying call'd for more.
When looſe Digreſſion, like a colt unbroke,
Spurning Connexion and her formal yoke,
Bounds thro' the foreſt, wanders far aſtray
From the known path, and loves to loſe her way,
'Tis a full feaſt to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down and bring her back.
When gay Deſcription, Fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleaſure wild,
Waking with Nature at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
Which largely drank all night of heav'n's freſh dew,
And, like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew,
So lightly walks ſhe not one mark imprints,
Nor bruſhes off the dews nor ſoils the tints;

When thus Deſcription ſports, ev'n at the time
That drums ſhould beat and cannons roar in rhyme,
Critics can live on ſuch a fault as that
From one month to the other, and grow fat.

Ye mighty Monthly Judges! in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conſcious of the worth
Of my materials, which againſt your will
Oft' you've confeſs'd, and ſhall confeſs it ſtill;
Materials rich, tho' rude, inflam'd with thought,
Tho' more by fancy than by judgment wrought;
Take, uſe them as your own, a work begin,
Which ſuits your genius well, and weave them in,
Fram'd for the critic loom with critic art,
Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with colour mingling, light with ſhade,
To your dull taſte a formal work is made,
And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Swear it ſurpaſſes Rome and rivals Greece.

Nor think this much, for at one ſingle word,
Soon as the mighty critic Fiat's heard,
Science attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
Order takes place, and Genius is dethron'd!
Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.

Me higher buſ'neſs calls, a greater plan,
Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,
The good of man committed to my charge;
If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,

Careleſs of ſuch a truſt, theſe harmleſs lays
May Friendſhip envy, and may Folly praiſe;
The crown of Gotham may ſome Scot aſſume,
And vagrant Stewarts reign in Churchill's room.
O my poor People! O thou wretched Earth!
To whoſe dear love, tho' not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my ſervice deeply ſworn,
How, (by thy father can that thought be borne,
For monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only fathers in the beſt degree)
How muſt thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to ſcorn, thy mighty hand
Be ſhorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confeſs'd,
Bleſs'd in thyſelf, to make thy neighbours bleſs'd,
Be robb'd of vigour! how muſt Freedom's pile,
The boaſt of ages, which adorns the Iſle,
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, ſecure from force and fraud;
How muſt that pile, by ancient Wiſdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one ſhort moment into ruins fall,
Should any ſlip of Stewart's tyrant race,
Or baſtard or legitimate, diſgrace
Thy royal ſeat of empire! but what care,
What ſorrow, muſt be mine, what deep deſpair
And ſelf-reproaches, ſhould that hated line
Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine!

Curs'd be the cauſe whence Gotham's evils ſpring,
Tho' that curs'd cauſe be found in Gotham's king.
Let War, with all his needy ruffian band,
In pomp of Horror ſtalk thro' Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood; let all her ſtately tow'rs
Sink in the duſt; that court which now is ours
Become a den, where beaſts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;
Where yellow harveſts riſe be brambles found;
Where vines now creep let thiſtles curſe the ground;
Dry in her thouſand vallies be the rills;
Barren the cattle on her thouſand hills;
Where Pow'r is plac'd let tigers prowl for prey;
Where Juſtice lodges let wild aſſes bray;
Let cormorants in churches make their neſt,
And on the ſails of commerce bitterns reſt;
Be all, tho' princes in the earth before,
Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
Give me to chuſe, ſee Gotham's ruin'd ſtate
By ills on ills, thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to ſee a Stewart wear a crown.
Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Nature's hoſt,
Thoſe ſervants who their Maker know, who boaſt
Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
Unqueſtion'd, their great Maſter's ſacred will;
Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
And with deſtruction big o'er Gotham ſweep;

Let rains ruſh down, till Faith, with doubtful eye,
Looks for the ſign of mercy in the ſky;
Let Peſtilence in all her horrors riſe;
Where'er I turn, let Famine blaſt my eyes;
Let the earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,
In the deep gulf let all my ſubjects ſink
Before my eyes, whilſt on the verge I reel;
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel,
Not for myſelf, but them, I'll kiſs the rod,
And, having own'd the juſtice of my God,
Myſelf with firmneſs to the ruin give,
And die with thoſe for whom I wiſh'd to live.
This, (but may Heav'n's more merciful decrees
Ne'er tempt his ſervant with ſuch ills as theſe)
This, or my ſoul deceives me, I could bear;
But that the Stewart race my crown ſhould wear,
That crown where, highly cheriſh'd, Freedom ſhone
Bright as the glories of the mid-day ſun;
Born and bred ſlaves, that they, with proud miſrule,
Should make brave freeborn men, like boys at ſchool,
To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought!
The lab'ring brain is ev'n to madneſs brought
By the dread viſion; at the mere ſurmiſe
The thronging ſpirits, as in tumult, riſe;
My heart, as for a paſſage, loudly beats,
And turn me where I will diſtraction meets.
O my brave Fellows! great in arts and arms,
The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms

To high achievements; can your ſpirits bend,
Thro' baſe controul, (ye never can deſcend
So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let in Freedom's ſeat a Stewart reign?
If Fame, who hath for ages, far and wide,
Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,
The tyranny and falſehood of thoſe lords,
Contents you not, ſearch England's fair records;
England! where firſt the breath of life I drew,
Where next to Gotham my beſt love is due:
There once they rul'd, tho' cruſh'd by William's hand,
They rul'd no more to curſe that happy land.

The firſt who, from his native ſoil remov'd,
Held England's ſceptre a tame tyrant prov'd:
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with thoſe thoughts which ſpring
In ſouls of vulgar ſtamp to be a king:
Spirit he had not, tho' he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-fac'd tyrant with applauſe;
On practices moſt mean he rais'd his pride,
And craft oft' gave what wiſdom oft' deny'd.

Ne'er could he feel how truly man is bleſt
In bleſſing thoſe around him; in his breaſt,
Crowded with follies, honour found no room:
Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to puniſh or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in courſe of time,
By fair deſcent, been his without a crime;

He bore a mother's exile; to secure
A greater crown he basely could endure
The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life:
Nay, by fond Fear and fond Ambition led,
Struck hands with those by whom her blood was shed.
Call'd up to pow'r, scarce warm on England's throne,
He fill'd her court with beggars from his own:
Turn where you would the eye with Scots was caught,
Or English knaves, who would be Scotsmen thought.
To vain expense unbounded loose he gave,
The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave;
On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd,
And damn'd those senates rich, whom poor he prais'd:
From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilst a daughter fed,
He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on men
Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.
Lies were his playthings, parliaments his sport;
Book-worms and catamites engross'd the court:
Vain of the scholar, like all Scotsmen since,
The pedant scholar! he forgot the prince;
And having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wish'd to learn, the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the crowd;
False friend, false son, false father, and false king,
False wit, false statesman, and false ev'ry thing:

When he should act he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote when he should save the state.
Religious, if religion holds in whim,
To talk with all he let all talk with him;
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for religion' sake but argument;
More vain if some sly, artful, High-Dutch slave,
Or, from the Jesuit school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restor'd
By his full soldiership, worlds hail'd him Lord.
Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The pow'r, without control, of doing ill;
But what he wish'd, what he made bishops preach,
And statesmen warrant, hung within his reach.
He dar'd not seize; fear gave, to gall his pride,
That freedom to the realm his will deny'd.
Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry treaty of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe; peace was his coward care,
Ev'n at a time when justice call'd for war:
His pen he'd draw to prove his lack of wit,
But rather than unsheath the sword submit.
Truth fairly must record; and, pleas'd to live
In league with mercy, justice may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.
At length, (with white let Freedom mark that year)
Not fear'd by those whom most he wish'd to fear,

Not lov'd by thoſe whom moſt he wiſh'd to love,
He went to anſwer for his faults above,
To anſwer to that God from whom alone
He claim'd to hold and to abuſe the throne,
Leaving behind, a curſe to all his line,
The bloody legacy of Right Divine.

With many virtues which a radiance fling
Round private men, with few which grace a king,
And ſpeak the monarch, at the time of life
When paſſion holds with reaſon doubtful ſtrife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean ſire undone,
Who envy'd virtue even in a ſon.

His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the man up ere he left the child;
His ſoul was eager for imperial ſway
Ere he had learn'd the leſſon to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning flatt'ring throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour ſtrong;
Wiſdom was treated as a noiſome weed,
And all his follies let to run to ſeed.

What ills from ſuch beginnings needs muſt ſpring!
What ills to ſuch a land from ſuch a king!
What could ſhe hope! what had ſhe not to fear!
Baſe Buckingham poſſeſs'd his youthful ear;
Strafford and Laud when mounted on the throne
Engroſs'd his love, and made him all their own;
Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now;

Each ſtrove t' undo him in his turn and hour,
The firſt with pleaſure, and the laſt with pow'r.
Thinking (vain thought, diſgraceful to the throne!)
That all mankind were made for kings alone,
That ſubjects were but ſlaves, and what was whim,
Or worſe, in common men, was law in him;
Drunk with Prerogative, which Fate decreed
To guard good kings, and tyrants to miſlead;
Which in a fair proportion to deny
Allegiance dares not, which to hold too high
No good can wiſh, no coward king can dare,
And held too high no Engliſh ſubject bear;
Beſieg'd by men of deep and ſubtle arts,
Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who ſaw his weakneſs made their king their tool,
Then moſt a ſlave when moſt he ſeem'd to rule;
Taking all public ſteps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by fav'rites, whom he called friends,
He had not ſtrength enough of ſoul to find
That monarchs, meant as bleſſings to mankind,
Sink their great ſtate, and ſtamp their fame undone,
When what was meant for all they give to one.
Liſt'ning uxorious whilſt a woman's prate
Modell'd the church and parcell'd out the ſtate,
Whilſt (in the ſtate not more than women read)
High-churchmen preach'd and turn'd his pious head,
Tutor'd to ſee with miniſterial eyes,
Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries;

Made to believe (what can't a fav'rite do)
He heard a nation hearing one or two;
Taught by ſtate-quacks himſelf ſecure to think,
And out of danger ev'n on danger's brink;
Whilſt pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
Whilſt murmurs ran thro' an inſulted land,
As if to ſanction tyrants Heav'n was bound,
He proudly ſought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
Did England, cruſh'd by pow'r, and aw'd by fears,
Whilſt proud Oppreſſion ſtruck at Freedom's root,
Lament her ſenates loſt, her Hampden mute:
Illegal taxes and oppreſſive loans,
In ſpite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans;
Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage ſhook the ſtate,
New courts were rais'd to give new doctrines weight;
State-Inquiſitions kept the realm in awe,
And curs'd Star-Chambers made or rul'd the law;
Juries were pack'd, and judges were unſound;
Thro' the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found.

From the firſt moments of his giddy youth
He hated ſenates, for they told him truth:
At length againſt his will compell'd to treat,
Thoſe whom he could not fright he ſtrove to cheat,
With baſe diſſembling ev'ry grievance heard,
And often giving, often broke his word.

O! where ſhall helpleſs Truth for refuge fly,
If kings, who ſhould protect her, dare to lie?
Thoſe who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their country's good their monarch's fame;
Thoſe who were anxious for his ſafety; thoſe
Who were induc'd by duty to oppoſe,
Their truth ſuſpected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes and traitors to his throne,
Nor found his fatal error till the hour
Of ſaving him was gone and paſt; till pow'r
Had ſhifted hands, to blaſt his hapleſs reign,
Making their faith and his repentance vain.
Hence (be that curſe confin'd to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, Civil War, aroſe;
All acts of outrage and all acts of ſhame
Stalk'd forth at large, diſguis'd with Honour's name:
Rebellion, raiſing high her bloody hand,
Spread univerſal havoc thro' the land:
With zeal for party, and with paſſion drunk,
In public rage all private love was ſunk;
Friend againſt friend, brother 'gainſt brother ſtood,
And the ſon's weapon drank the father's blood:
Nature, aghaſt, and fearful leſt her reign
Should laſt no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.
Unhappy Stewart! harſhly tho' that name
Grates on my ear, I ſhould have dy'd with ſhame
To ſee my king before his ſubjects ſtand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand;

At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
By their decrees to see that monarch bleed!
What tho' thy faults were many and were great?
What tho' they shook the basis of the state?
In royalty secure thy person stood,
And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile ministers, who dar'd abuse their trust,
Who dar'd seduce a king to be unjust,
Vengeance, with justice leagu'd, with pow'r made strong,
Had nobly crush'd. "The king could do no wrong."

Yet grieve not, Charles! nor thy hard fortunes blame;
They took thy life, but they secur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like specks appear,
From which the sun in glory is not clear.
Hadst thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath
At Nature's call hadst thou laid down in death;
As in a sleep, thy name, by Justice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.
Pity, the virtue of a gen'rous soul,
Sometimes the vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole.
Misfortunes gave what virtue could not give,
And bade, the tyrant slain, the Martyr live.

Ye Princes of the earth! ye mighty few!
Who, worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue;
Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate;
Who own no law, no reason, but your will,
And scorn restraint, tho' 'tis from doing ill;

Who of all passions groan beneath the worst,
Then only blest'd when they make others curst;
Think not for wrongs like these unscourg'd to live;
Long may ye sin, and long may Heav'n forgive;
But when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone;
No; like some base distemper, which remains,
Transmitted from the tainted father's veins
In the son's blood, such broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down vengeance ev'n to latest times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterness and shame.
From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilst Usurpation lorded it at home,
Of majesty unmindful, fore'd to fly,
Not daring, like a king, to reign or die,
Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne
More at his people's seeking than his own,
Another Charles succeeded. In the school
Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors sent
To shame their country on the Continent,
From love of England by long absence wean'd,
From ev'ry court he ev'ry folly glean'd,
And was, so close do evil habits cling,
Till crown'd a beggar, and when crown'd no king.

Thoſe grand and gen'ral pow'rs which Heav'n de-
An inſtance of his mercy to mankind [ſign'd
Were loſt, in ſtorms of diſſipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bleſs a world:
Lighter than levity which ſtrides the blaſt,
And of the preſent fond, forgets the paſt,
He chang'd and chang'd, but, ev'ry hope to curſe,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worſe:
State he reſign'd to thoſe whom ſtate could pleaſe;
Careleſs of majeſty, his wiſh was eaſe;
Pleaſure, and pleaſure only, was his aim;
Kings of leſs wit might hunt the bubble fame:
Dignity thro' his reign was made a ſport,
Nor dar'd Decorum ſhew her face at court:
Morality was held a ſtanding jeſt,
And faith a neceſſary fraud at beſt:
Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Poſſeſs'd great talents, and abus'd them too:
Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
Whate'er was looſe, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was folly folly to acquit)
Stood all abſolv'd in that poor bawble, wit.
In gratitude, alas! but little read,
He let his father's ſervants beg their bread,
His father's faithful ſervants and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.
Bad counſels he embrac'd thro' indolence,
Thro' love of eaſe, and not thro' want of ſenſe:

He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them so.
Women rul'd all, and ministers of state
Were for commands at toilettes forc'd to wait;
Women, who have as monarchs grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at second-hand.
To make all other errors slight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd stand Dunkirk and Tangier;
In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that time in vain
Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain.
Amboyna stands—Gods! that a king should hold
In such high estimate vile paltry gold,
And of his duty be so careless found,
That when the blood of subjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
And, bribe'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan'd,
And butcher'd subjects wander'd unaton'd!
O! dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him deep shame!
Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
Av'rice is that which least becomes a king.
To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which thro' his reign he little understood
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He reassum'd a bigot brother's claim,
And having made time-serving senates bow,
Suddenly dy'd, that brother best knew how.

No matter how—he ſlept amongſt the dead,
And James his brother reigned in his ſtead:
But ſuch a reign—ſo glaring an offence
In ev'ry ſtep 'gainſt freedom, law, and ſenſe,
'Gainſt all the rights of Nature's gen'ral plan,
'Gainſt all which conſtitutes an Engliſhman,
That the relation would mere fiction ſeem,
The mock creation of a poet's dream;
And the poor bard's would, in this ſceptic age,
Appear as falſe as their hiſtorian's page.

Ambitious folly ſeiz'd the ſeat of wit,
Chriſtians were forc'd by bigots to ſubmit;
Pride without ſenſe, without religion zeal,
Made daring inroads on the commonweal;
Stern Perſecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of kings the pow'r of God;
Conſcience and fame were ſacrific'd to Rome,
And England wept at Freedom's ſacred tomb.

Her laws deſpis'd, her conſtitution wrench'd
From its due nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd
Beyond a coward's ſuff'rance, conſcience forc'd,
And healing juſtice from the crown divorc'd,
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
Her patriot Biſhops ſentenc'd to the Tow'r,
Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stewart name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of ſhame,
She wept—but wept not long; to arms ſhe flew,
At Honour's call th' avenging ſword ſhe drew,

Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
And ſent him in deſpair to beg his bread;
Whilſt ſhe, (may ev'ry ſtate in ſuch diſtreſs
Dare with ſuch zeal, and meet with ſuch ſucceſs)
Whilſt ſhe, (may Gotham, ſhould my abject mind
Chuſe to enſlave rather than free mankind,
Purſue her ſteps, tear the proud tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuſe the crown)
Whilſt ſhe, (thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Written in gold let Revolution ſtand)
Whilſt ſhe, ſecur'd in liberty and law,
Found what ſhe ſought, a ſaviour in Naſſau.

GOTHAM.

BOOK III.

CAN the fond mother from herſelf depart?
Can ſhe forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom ſhe bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her boſom fed,
To whom ſhe ſeem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whoſe life alone ſhe ſeem'd to live?
Yes, from herſelf the mother may depart,
She may forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom ſhe bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her boſom fed,
To whom ſhe ſeem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whoſe life alone ſhe ſeem'd to live;
But I cannot forget, whilſt life remains,
And pours her current thro' theſe ſwelling veins,
Whilſt Mem'ry offers up at Reaſon's ſhrine;
But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.

Can the ſtern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her diſnatur'd breaſt tear her young child,
Fleſh of her fleſh, and of her bone the bone,
And daſh the ſmiling babe againſt a ſtone?
Yes, the ſtern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her diſnatur'd breaſt may tear her child,
Fleſh of her fleſh, and of her bone the bone,
And daſh the ſmiling babe againſt a ſtone;

But I, (forbid it, Heav'n!) but I can ne'er
The love of Gotham from this boſom tear;
Can ne'er ſo far true loyalty pervert
From its fair courſe, to do my people hurt.
With how much eaſe, with how much confidence,
As if, ſuperior to each groſſer ſenſe
Reaſon had only, in full pow'r array'd,
To manifeſt her will, and be obey'd,
Men make reſolves, and paſs into decrees
The motions of the mind! with how much eaſe,
In ſuch reſolves, doth paſſion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!
In empire young, ſcarce warm on Gotham's throne,
The dangers and the ſweets of pow'r unknown,
Pleas'd, tho' I ſcarce know why, like ſome young child,
Whoſe little ſenſes each new toy turns wild,
How do I hold ſweet dalliance with my crown,
And wanton with dominion! how lay down,
Without the ſanction of a precedent,
Rules of moſt large and abſolute extent;
Rules which from ſenſe of public virtue ſpring,
And all at once commence a patriot king!
But, for the day of trial is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
Are ſtak'd on me, and all their weal or woe
Muſt from my good or evil conduct flow,
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I aſſume that name deſerve it too?

Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble, part
I'm now to play? have I explor'd my heart,
That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark cell,
Where, unsuspected ev'n by me, may dwell
Ten thousand follies? have I found out there
What I am fit to do, and what to bear?
Have I trac'd ev'ry passion to its rise,
Nor spar'd one lurking seed of treach'rous vice?
Have I familiar with my nature grown?
And am I fairly to myself made known?
A patriot king—Why, 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate stamp of Heav'n; which wears
The nearest, best, resemblance we can show
Of God above thro' all his works below.
To still the voice of discord in the land,
To make weak Faction's discontented band,
Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey;
Like brethren, in the self-same int'rests warm'd,
Like diff'rent bodies with one soul inform'd;
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thought, grow up in common love;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That secret balance temperate, yet bold,
With such an equal hand, that those who fear
May yet approve, and own my justice clear;
To be a common father, to secure
The weak from violence, from pride the poor;

Vice and her ſons to baniſh in diſgrace,
To make Corruption dread to ſhow her face;
To bid afflicted Virtue take new ſtate,
And be at laſt acquainted with the great;
Of all religions to elect the beſt,
Nor let her prieſts be made a ſtanding jeſt;
Rewards for worth with lib'ral hand to carve,
To love the arts, nor let the artiſts ſtarve;
To make fair plenty thro' the realm increaſe,
Give fame in war, and happineſs in peace;
To ſee my people virt'ous, great, and free,
And know that all thoſe bleſſings flow from me;
O! 'tis a joy too exquiſite, a thought
Which flatters Nature more than flatt'ry ought;
'Tis a great, glorious, taſk, for man too hard,
But not leſs great, leſs glorious, the reward;
The beſt reward which here to man is giv'n,
'Tis more than earth, and little ſhort of heav'n;
A taſk (if ſuch compariſon may be)
The ſame in nature, diff'ring in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with eaſe, and yet performs to all.

How much do they miſtake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Becauſe it gliſtens, muſt be lin'd with down!
With outſide ſhow and vain appearance caught,
They look no farther, and, by Folly taught,

Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.
The gem they worship which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection Folly's place supply!
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we know what woe from grandeur springs,
And learn to pity, not to envy, kings.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his business and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.

Call'd up by health he rises with the day,
And goes to work as if he went to play,
Whistling off toils, one half of which might make
The stoutest Atlas of a palace quake;
'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by constant use, without complaint
He bears what we should think it death to bear:
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirst he slakes at some pure neighb'ring brook,
Nor asks for sauce where Appetite stands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the sun retires
Behind the mountains, when the village fires,

Which, waken'd all at once, ſpeak ſupper nigh,
At diſtance catch and fix his longing eye;
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean coarſe food
Which, ſeaſon'd with good humour, his fond bride
'Gainſt his return is happy to provide;
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he creeps
Into his ſtraw, and till the morning ſleeps.

Not ſo the king—with anxious cares oppreſt
His boſom labours, and admits not reſt:
A glorious wretch! he ſweats beneath the weight
Of majeſty, and gives up eaſe for ſtate;
Ev'n when his ſmiles, which, by the fools of pride
Are treaſur'd and preſerv'd from ſide to ſide,
Fly round the court, ev'n when compell'd by form
He ſeems moſt calm, his ſoul is in a ſtorm!
Care, like a ſpectre, ſeen by him alone,
With all her neſt of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view; when night bids ſleep,
Sweet nurſe of Nature! o'er the ſenſes creep;
When Miſery herſelf no more complains,
And ſlaves, if poſſible, forget their chains;
Tho' his ſenſe weakens, tho' his eyes grow dim,
That reſt which comes to all comes not to him.
Ev'n at that hour Care, tyrant Care! forbids
The dew of ſleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night ſhe watches at his bed;
Now, as one mop'd, ſits brooding o'er his head;

Anon she starts, and, borne on ravens' wings,
Croaks forth aloud—Sleep was not made for kings.
Thrice hath the moon, who governs this vast ball,
Who rules most absolute o'er me and all;
To whom, by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full, I pay the duteous vow;
Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since, (blessed be that season, for before
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,
One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life, to die and pass away)
Since I became a king, and Gotham's throne,
With full and ample pow'r, became my own;
Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since sleep, kind sleep! who like a friend supplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd these eyes:
Nor, if my toils are answer'd with success,
And I am made an instrument to bless
The people whom I love, shall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.
Mindful of that high rank in which I stand,
Of millions lord, sole ruler in the land,
Let me, and Reason shall her aid afford,
Rule my own spirit, of myself be lord.
With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown
Who, stern and hard of nature, wears a frown

'Gainſt faults in other men yet all the while
Meets his own vices with a partial ſmile.
How can a king (yet on record we find
Such kings have been, ſuch curſes of mankind)
Enforce that law 'gainſt ſome poor ſubject elf
Which Conſcience tells him he hath broke himſelf?
Can he ſome petty rogue to juſtice call
For robbing one, when he himſelf robs all?
Muſt not, unleſs extinguiſh'd, conſcience fly
Into his cheek, and blaſt his fading eye,
To ſcourge th' oppreſſor, when the ſtate, diſtreſs'd
And ſunk to ruin, is by him oppreſs'd?
Againſt himſelf doth he not ſentence give?
If one muſt die, t'other's not fit to live.

Weak is that throne, and in itſelf unſound,
Which takes not ſolid virtue for its ground.
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would periſh to obtain.
Nor can thoſe ſpirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats nor bought with gold,
Be hush'd to peace, but when fair legal ſway
Makes it their real int'reſt to obey.
When kings, and none but fools can then rebel;
Not leſs in virtue than in pow'r excel.

Be that my object, that my conſtant care,
And may my ſoul's beſt wiſhes centre there;
Be it my talk to ſeek, nor ſeek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign.

And to those virtues which from reason spring,
And grace the man, join those which grace the king.
First, (for strict duty bids my care extend
And reach to all who on that care depend,
Bids me with servants keep a steady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
First, (and that method reason shall support)
Before I look into and purge my court,
Before I cleanse the stable of the state
Let me fix things which to myself relate:
That done, and all accounts well settled here,
In resolution firm, in honour clear,
Tremble, ye Slaves! who dare abuse your trust,
Who dare be villains when your king is just.
Are there, amongst those officers of state,
To whom our sacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commission'd, guide the helm;
Are there who, trusting to our love of ease,
Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees,
And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
To speak a language which they never meant;
Are there such men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in safety to their end?
Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a statesman's tool,
And live a stranger where I ought to rule?

What! to myself and to my ſtate unjuſt,
Shall I from miniſters take things on truſt,
And, ſinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependents of my own?
Shall I, moſt certain ſource of future cares,
Not uſe my judgment, but depend on theirs?
Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with ſtate,
Have nothing but the name of being great;
Attend at councils which I muſt not weigh,
Do what they bid, and what they dictate ſay,
Enrob'd, and hoiſted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal cipher there?
Periſh the thought—'tis treaſon to my throne—
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
Inſults me more than he who, leagu'd with Hell,
Shall riſe in arms, and 'gainſt my crown rebel.
The wicked ſtateſman, whoſe falſe heart purſues
A train of guilt; who acts with double views,
And wears a double face; whoſe baſe deſigns
Strike at his monarch's throne; who undermines
Ev'n whilſt he ſeems his wiſhes to ſupport;
Who ſeizes all departments; packs a court;
Maintains an agent on the judgment-ſeat
To ſcreen his crimes, and make his frauds complete;
New models armies, and around the throne
Will ſuffer none but creatures of his own;
Conſcious of ſuch his baſeneſs, well may try,
Againſt the light to ſhut his maſter's eye,

To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from those
Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes disclose,
Nor ever let him in one place appear,
Where truth, unwelcome truth, may wound his ear.
Attempts like these, well weigh'd, themselves proclaim,
And, whilst they publish, baulk their author's aim.
Kings must be blind into such snares to run,
Or, worse, with open eyes must be undone.
The minister of honesty and worth
Demands the day to bring his actions forth;
Calls on the sun to shine with fiercer rays,
And braves that trial which must end in praise.
None fly the day, and seek the shades of night,
But those whose actions cannot bear the light;
None wish their king in ignorance to hold
But those who feel that knowledge must unfold
Their hidden guilt; and, that dark mist dispell'd
By which their places and their lives are held,
Confusion wait them; and, by Justice led,
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.
Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit
Where kings have oft' been lost, shall I submit,
And rust in chains like these? shall I give way,
And, whilst my helpless subjects fall a prey
To pow'r abus'd, in ignorance sit down,
Nor dare assert the honour of my crown?
When stern Rebellion, (if that odious name
Justly belongs to those whose only aim

Is to preſerve their country; who oppoſe,
In honour leagu'd, none but their country's foes;
Who only ſeek their own, and found their cauſe
In due regard for violated laws)
When ſtern Rebellion, who no longer feels
Nor fears rebuke, a nation at her heels,
A nation up in arms, tho' ſtrong not proud,
Knocks at the palace-gate, and, calling loud
For due redreſs, preſents, from Truth's fair pen,
A liſt of wrongs not to be borne by men;
How muſt that king be humbled, how diſgrace
All that is royal in his name and place,
Who, thus call'd forth to anſwer, can advance
No other plea but that of ignorance!
A vile defence, which, was his all at ſtake,
The meaneſt ſubject well might bluſh to make;
A filthy ſource, from whence ſhame ever ſprings;
A ſtain to all, but moſt a ſtain to kings.
The ſoul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
Panting for knowledge, reſts not till inform'd;
And ſhall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
Feel thoſe brave paſſions which my ſubjects feel?
Or can a juſt excuſe from ign'rance flow
To me, whoſe firſt great duty is---to know?
Hence, Ignorance!---thy ſettled, dull, blank eye,
Would hurt me tho' I knew no reaſon why---
Hence, Ignorance!---thy ſlaviſh ſhackles bind
The free-born ſoul, and lethargy the mind---

Of thee, begot by Pride, who look'd with ſcorn
On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
That grave inflexibility of ſoul
Which Reaſon can't convince nor fear control;
Which neither arguments nor pray'rs can reach,
And nothing leſs than utter ruin teach—
Hence, Ignorance!—hence to that depth of night
Where thou waſt born, where not one gleam of light
May wound thine eye—hence to ſome dreary cell
Where Monks with ſuperſtition love to dwell;
Or in ſome college ſooth thy lazy pride,
And with the heads of colleges reſide;
Fit mate for Royalty thou canſt not be,
And if no mate for kings no mate for me.

Come, Study! like a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
Which, ruſhing down the mountains, o'er the plains
Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
Leaves ſeeds of future fruitfulneſs behind:
Come, Study!—painful tho' thy courſe, and ſlow,
Thy real worth by thy effects we know—
Parent of Knowledge, come—not thee I call
Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall
Doſt ſit, all ſolemn ſad, and, moping, weigh
Things which, when found, thy labours can't repay—
Nor in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,
A rod; in t' other, gaudily array'd,
A hornbook, gilt and letter'd, call I thee,
Who doſt in form preſide o'er A, B, C—

Nor (Siren tho' thou art, and thy ſtrange charms,
As 'twere by magic, lure men to thy arms)
Do I call thee who, thro' a winding maze,
A labyrinth of puzzling pleaſing ways,
Doſt lead us at the laſt to thoſe rich plains
Where, in full glory, real Science reigns;
Fair tho' thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
Tho' full rewards in thy poſſeſſion lie
To crown man's wiſh, and do thy fav'rites grace,
Tho' (was I ſtation'd in an humbler place)
I could be ever happy in thy ſight,
Toil with thee all the day, and thro' the night
Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
Faſt rivetted on ſcience, ſleep defy,
Yet (ſuch the hardſhips which from empire flow)
Muſt I thy ſweet ſociety forego,
And to ſome happy rival's arms reſign
Thoſe charms which can, alas! no more be mine.
No more from hour to hour, from day to day,
Shall I purſue thy ſteps, and urge my way
Where eager love of ſcience calls; no more
Attempt thoſe paths which man ne'er trod before;
No more the mountain ſcal'd, the deſert croſt,
Loſing myſelf, nor knowing I was loſt,
Travel thro' woods, thro' wilds, from morn to night,
From night to morn, yet travel with delight,
And having found thee, lay me down content,
Own all my toil well paid, my time well ſpent.

Farewell, ye Muſes! too—for ſuch mean things
Muſt not preſume to dwell with mighty kings—
Farewell, ye Muſes!—tho' it cuts my heart,
Ev'n to the quick, we muſt for ever part.

When the freſh morn bade luſty Nature wake;
When the birds, ſweetly twitt'ring thro' the brake,
Tun'd their ſoft pipes; when from the neighb'ring bloom,
Sipping the dew, each zephyr ſtole perfume;
When all things with new vigour were inſpir'd,
And ſeem'd to ſay they never cou'd be tir'd,
How often have we ſtray'd, whilſt ſportive Rhyme
Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,
O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to ſee
Yourſelves made viſible to none but me!
The clown, his work ſuſpended, gape and ſtare,
And ſeem'd to think that I convers'd with air!

When the ſun, beating on the parched ſoil,
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil;
When a faint languor crept thro' ev'ry breaſt,
And things moſt us'd to labour wiſh'd for reſt,
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
Where ſafe, and fearleſs of the impious ſtroke,
Some ſacred Dryad liv'd; or in ſome grove
Where, with capricious fingers Fancy wove
Her fairy bow'r, whilſt Nature all the while
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a ſmile,
Have we held converſe ſweet! how often laid,
Faſt by the Thames, in Ham's inſpiring ſhade,

Amongſt thoſe poets which make up your train,
And, after death, pour forth the ſacred ſtrain,
Have I, at your command, in verſe grown gray,
But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay
Which might have drawn an angel from his ſphere,
And kept him from his office liſt'ning here!
When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her train,
Led on by Silence to reſume her reign,
With darkneſs covering, as with a robe,
This ſcene of levity, blank'd half the globe,
How oft', enchanted with your heav'nly ſtrains,
Which ſtole me from myſelf; which in ſoft chains
Of muſic bound my ſoul; how oft' have I,
Sounds more than human floating thro' the ſky,
Attentive ſat, whilſt Night, againſt her will,
Tranſported with the harmony, ſtood ſtill!
How oft' in raptures, which man ſcarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, ſtill thought the Muſes there,
Still heard their muſic, and, as mute as death,
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,
Leſt, breathing all too rudely, I ſhould wound
And mar that magic excellence of ſound;
Then, ſenſe returning with return of day,
Have chid the night, which fled ſo faſt away!
Such my purſuits, and ſuch my joys of yore,
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.
Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for Envy, ſure,
Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,

Would never ſtoop to wound my homeſpun lays)
With ſome few friends, and ſome ſmall ſhare of praiſe,
Beneath oppreſſion, undiſturb'd by ſtrife,
In peace I trod the humble vale of life.
Farewell theſe ſcenes of eaſe, this tranquil ſtate;
Welcome the troubles which on empire wait:
Light toys from this day forth I diſavow;
They pleas'd me once, but cannot ſuit me now:
To common men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix diſgrace on me.
Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand,
Are all engroſs'd; each private view withſtood,
And taſk'd to labour for the public good:
Be this my ſtudy; to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action, tend.
Let me the page of hiſtory turn o'er,
Th' inſtructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former kings; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame; and from the ſacred tomb
Where righteous monarchs ſleep, where laurels bloom
Unhurt by time, let me a garland twine
Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.
Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er thoſe ſcenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a poſt which travels day and night;
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by falſe delight;

And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that monarchs are for action made.
When am'rous Spring, repairing all his charms,
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,
Where, like a virgin to some lecher sold,
Three wretched months she lay benumb'd and cold;
When the weak flow'r, which, shrinking from the breath
Of the rude North, and timorous of death,
To its kind mother Earth for shelter fled,
And on her bosom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afresh, and, cheer'd by milder skies,
Bids in full splendour all her beauties rise,
The hive is up in arms——expert to teach,
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch;
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,
The bee goes forth; from herb to herb she flies,
From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
With treasur'd sweets, robbing those flow'rs which,
Find not themselves made poorer by the theft, left,
Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth she flit on pleasure's silken wing;
Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring
Unrifled pass, and on the downy breast
Of some fair flow'r indulge untimely rest:
Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews
Which chymist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse

Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,
To her own private use convert the spoils:
Love of the stock first call'd her forth to roam,
And to the stock she brings her booty home.
Be this my pattern—As becomes a king,
Let me fly all abroad on Reason's wing:
Let mine eye, like the lightning, thro' the earth
Run to and fro, nor let one deed of worth,
In any place and time, nor let one man,
Whose actions may enrich dominion's plan,
Escape my note: be all, from the first day
Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From those whom Time, at the desire of Fame,
Hath spar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame:
From those who, not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, lesson'd to distil,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill:
Nor let these great researches in my breast
A monument of useless labour rest:
No—let them spread—th' effects let Gotham share,
And reap the harvest of their monarch's care:
Be other times and other countries known,
Only to give fresh blessings to my own.
Let me, (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful succour I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth!
Thro' whom I reign, in mercy to my youth

Assist my weakness, and direct me right;
From ev'ry speck which hangs upon the sight
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To spread the shades of error o'er my brain)
Let me, impartial, with unweary'd thought
Try men and things; let me as monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my pow'r depends;
What are the gen'ral principles and ends
Of government; how empire first began;
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.

Let me consider; as from one great source
We see a thousand rivers take their course,
Dispers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
Yet by their parent still supply'd and fed,
That government, (tho' branch'd out far and wide,
In various modes to various lands apply'd)
Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main groundwork's ev'ry where the same;
The same her view, tho' different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view the good of man.

Let me find out, by reason's sacred beams,
What system in itself most perfect seems,
Most worthy man, most likely to conduce
To all the purposes of gen'ral use:
Let me find, too, where, by fair reason try'd,
It fails when to particulars apply'd;
Why in that mode all nations do not join,
And, chiefly, why it cannot suit with mine.

Let me the gradual rise of empires trace,
Till they seem founded on Perfection's base;
Then (for when human things have made their way
To excellence, they hasten to decay)
Let me, whilst Observation lends her clue,
Step by step to their quick decline pursue,
Enabled by a chain of facts to tell
Not only how they rose, but how they fell.
Let me not only the distempers know
Which in all states from common causes grow,
But likewise those which, by the will of Fate,
On each peculiar mode of empire wait;
Which in its very constitution lurk,
Too sure at last to do its destin'd work:
Let me, forewarn'd, each sign, each system, learn,
That I my people's danger may discern,
Ere 'tis too late wish'd health to re-assure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.
Let me, (tho' great grave brethren of the gown
Preach all faith up, and preach all reason down,
Making those jar whom reason meant to join,
And vesting in themselves a right divine)
Let me thro' reason's glass, with searching eye,
Into the depth of that religion pry
Which law hath sanction'd: let me find out there
What 's form, what 's essence, what, like vagrant air,
We well may change, and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the last hour of time:

Nor let me ſuffer that outrageous zeal
Which, without knowledge, furious bigots feel,
Fair in pretence, tho' at the heart unſound,
Theſe ſep'rate points at random to confound.

The times have been when prieſts have dar'd to tread,
Proud and inſulting, on their monarch's head;
When, whilſt they made religion a pretence,
Out of the world they baniſh'd common ſenſe;
When ſome ſoft king, too open to deceit,
Eaſy and unſuſpecting join'd the cheat,
Dup'd by mock piety, and gave his name
To ſerve the vileſt purpoſes of ſhame.
Fear not, my People! where no cauſe of fear
Can juſtly riſe—your king ſecures you here;
Your king, who ſcorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of prieſts the voice of God.

Let me, (tho' lawyers may perhaps forbid
Their monarch to behold what they wiſh hid,
And for the purpoſes of knaviſh gain
Would have their trade a myſtery remain)
Let me, diſdaining all ſuch ſlaviſh awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the law;
Let me, (the weak dead letter left behind)
Search out the principles, the ſpirit find,
Till from the parts made maſter of the whole,
I ſee the Conſtitution's very ſoul.

Let me, (tho' ſtateſmen will no doubt reſiſt,
And to my eyes preſent a fearful liſt

Of men whose wills are opposite to mine,
Of men, great men! determin'd to resign)
Let me (with firmness, which becomes a king,
Conscious from what a source my actions spring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withstood,
When my grand object is my country's good)
Unravel all low ministerial scenes,
Destroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
And trap them step by step; let me well know
How places, pensions, and preferments, go;
Why Guilt's provided for when Worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot;
Let me in peace, in war, supreme preside,
And dare to know my way without a guide.
Let me, (tho' Dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and swells behind a cloud,
As if the sun shone with less pow'rful ray,
Less grace, less glory, shining ev'ry day,
Tho' when she comes forth into public sight,
Unbending as a ghost she stalks upright,
With such an air as we have often seen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
Nor at her presence, tho' base myriads crook
The supple knee, vouchsafes a single look)
Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of dominion laid aside,
All ornament, and needless helps of art,
All those big looks which speak a little heart)

Know (which few kings, alas! have ever known)
How affability becomes a throne,
Deſtroys all fear, bids love with rev'rence live,
And gives thoſe graces pride can never give.
Let the ſtern tyrant keep a diſtant ſtate,
And, hating all men, fear return of hate,
Conſcious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own:
Let all my ſubjects have acceſs to me,
Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full fair tide let information flow;
That evil is half cur'd whoſe cauſe we know.
And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched thing!
Who art afraid to look up to a king,
Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
And if I not redreſs thee may my reign
Cloſe up that very moment—To prevent
The courſe of Juſtice from her fair intent,
In vain my neareſt, deareſt, friend ſhall plead,
In vain my mother kneel—My ſoul may bleed,
But muſt not change—When Juſtice draws the dart,
Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a fav'rite's heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim——
I know it duty, and I feel it fame.

THE PROPHESY OF FAMINE.

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

WHEN Cupid firſt inſtructs his darts to fly
From the ſly corner of ſome cook-maid's eye,
The ſtripling raw, juſt enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new deſire
Within him ſtirs each time ſhe ſtirs the fire;
Trembling and bluſhing he the fair one views,
And fain would ſpeak, but can't—without a Muſe.

So to the ſacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills, proclaims,
In ſimpleſt notes, and all unpoliſh'd ſtrains,
The loves of nymphs, and eke the loves of ſwains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In ruſtic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies—
Green moſs her couch, her canopy the ſkies.
From aromatic ſhrubs the roguiſh gale
Steals young perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale.
The youth, turn'd ſwain, and ſkill'd in ruſtic lays,
Faſt by her ſide his am'rous deſcant plays.

Herds lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens ſcream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the ſtream.
The ſtreams, with muſic freighted, as they paſs
Preſent the fair Lardella with a glaſs,
And Zephyr, to complete the love-ſick plan,
Waves his light wings, and ſerves her for a fan.
But when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
Theſe childiſh toys on Reaſon's altar bleed;
Form'd after ſome great man, whoſe name breeds awe,
Whoſe ev'ry ſentence Faſhion makes a law;
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our ſervile fears;
Then we diſcard the workings of the heart,
And Nature's baniſh'd by mechanic art;
Then, deeply read, our reading muſt be ſhown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown:
Then Oſtentation marches to our aid,
And letter'd Pride ſtalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each ſentence, poliſh'd ev'ry line:
Trifles are dignify'd, and taught to wear
The robes of ancients with a modern air;
Nonſenſe with claſſic ornaments is grac'd,
And paſſes current with the ſtamp of taſte.
Then the rude Theocrite is ranſack'd o'er,
And courtly Maro call'd from Mincio's ſhore;
Sicilian Muſes on our mountains roam,
Eaſy and free as if they were at home;

Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns; [Rome,
Flow'rs which once flouriſh'd fair in Greece and
More fair revive in England's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic ſuns adorn,
And roſes bluſh, but bluſh without a thorn;
Landſcapes unknown to dowdy Nature riſe,
And new creations ſtrike our wond'ring eyes.
For bards like theſe, who neither ſing nor ſay,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whoſe numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleaſure, and attun'd to woe;
Who, if plain Common-ſenſe her viſit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at ſome ghoſt affrighted, ſtart and ſtare,
And aſk the meaning of her coming there:
For bards like theſe a wreath ſhall Maſon bring,
Lin'd with the ſofteſt down of Folly's wing;
In Love's pagoda ſhall they ever doze,
And Giſbal kindly rock them to repoſe;
My Lord *—to letters as to faith moſt true—
At once their patron and example too—
Shall quaintly faſhion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with ſad winds, and weep with weeping ſtreams;
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dreſs up the tale of woe)

* Lyttleton.

From the green umbrage of ſome Druid's ſeat
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.
Me, whom no Muſe of heav'nly birth inſpires,
No judgment tempers when raſh genius fires;
Who boaſt no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of ſenſe, and ſatire out of time;
Who cannot follow where trim Fancy leads
By prattling ſtreams o'er flow'r-empurpled meads;
Who often, but without ſucceſs, have pray'd
For apt Alliteration's artful aid;
Who would, but cannot, with a maſter's ſkill,
Coin fine new epithets which mean no ill:
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For pacing poeſy and ambling wit,
Taſte with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongſt the loweſt of her favour'd race.
Thou, Nature! art my goddeſs—to thy law
Myſelf I dedicate—hence, ſlaviſh awe,
Which bends to faſhion, and obeys the rules
Impos'd at firſt, and ſince obſerv'd by fools;
Hence thoſe vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,
And bring the ſober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare
Which virtue ſcorns, and none but ſtrumpets wear.
Sick of thoſe pomps, thoſe vanities, that waſte
Of toil, which critics now miſtake for taſte,
Of falſe refinements ſick, and labour'd eaſe,
Which art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to pleaſe,

By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) ſubdu'd,
However plain her dreſs, and 'haviour rude,
To northern climes my happier courſe I ſteer,
Climes where the goddeſs reigns throughout the year,
Where, undiſturb'd by Art's rebellious plan,
She rules the loyal laird and faithful clan.

To that rare ſoil, where virtues cluſt'ring grow,
What mighty bleſſings doth not England owe!
What wagon-loads of courage, wealth, and ſenſe,
Doth each revolving day import from thence!
To us ſhe gives, diſintereſted friend!
Faith without fraud, and Stewarts without end.
When we proſperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous ſons and take a ſhare?
And if, by ſome diſaſt'rous turn of fate,
Change ſhould enſue, and ruin ſeize the ſtate,
Shall we not find, ſafe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the holy Martyr found?

Nor leſs our debt in ſcience, tho' deny'd
By the weak ſlaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramſays, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints as well as t' other wrote;
Thence Home, diſbanded from the ſons of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no dull dean was there;
Thence iſſu'd forth, at great Macpherſon's call,
That old, new, epic paſtoral, Fingal;
Thence Malloch, friend alike of church and ſtate,
Of Chriſt and Liberty, by grateful Fate

Rais'd to rewards which, in a pious reign,
All darling infidels ſhould ſeek in vain;
Thence ſimple bards, by ſimple prudence taught,
To this wiſe Town by ſimple patrons brought,
In ſimple manner utter ſimple lays,
And take, with ſimple penſions, ſimple praiſe.

Waft me, ſome Muſe, to Tweed's inſpiring ſtream,
Where all the little Loves and Graces dream;
Where, ſlowly winding, the dull waters creep,
And ſeem themſelves to own the pow'r of ſleep;
Where on the ſurface lead, like feathers, ſwims;
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood,
Waſh off my native ſtains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of Engliſh pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a patriot tide.

From ſolemn thought, which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how;
From nice trim points, where Honour, ſlave to rule,
In compliment to Folly, plays the fool;
From thoſe gay ſcenes where Mirth exalts his pow'r,
And eaſy Humour wings the laughing hour;
From thoſe ſoft better moments, when deſire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire;
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At Friendſhip's ſummons will my Wilkes retreat,
And ſee, once ſeen before, that ancient ſeat,

That ancient ſeat, where Majeſty diſplay'd
Her enſigns long before the world was made!
Mean narrow maxims, which enſlave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy ſettled mind:
Not dup'd by party, nor Opinion's ſlave,
Thoſe faculties which bounteous Nature gave
Thy honeſt ſpirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the ſmile nor dreads the frown of kings.
Let rude licentious Engliſhmen comply
With Tumult's voice, and curſe they know not why;
Unwilling to condemn, thy ſoul diſdains
To wear vile Faction's arbitrary chains,
And ſtrictly weighs, in apprehenſion clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee good humour tempers lively wit,
Enthron'd with judgment Candour loves to ſit,
And Nature gave thee, open to diſtreſs,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bleſs.
Oft' have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, deſpis'd, inſulted Scot,
Who, might calm reaſon credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or ſtarves at home, or practiſes, thro' fear
Of ſtarving, arts which damn all conſcience here.
When ſcribblers, to the charge by int'reſt led,
The fierce North-Briton foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to Candour's call,
And, injur'd by one alien, rail at all;

On Northern Piſgah when they take their ſtand,
To mark the weakneſs of that Holy Land,
With needleſs truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public ſcorn,
Thy gen'rous ſoul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful but ill-natur'd page.

The Scots are poor, cries ſurly Engliſh pride;
True is the charge, nor by themſelves deny'd.
Are they not then in ſtricteſt reaſon clear,
Who wiſely come to mend their fortunes here?
If, by low ſupple arts ſucceſsful grown,
They ſapp'd our vigour to increaſe their own;
If, mean in want, and inſolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd more ſurely to devour,
Rous'd by ſuch wrongs ſhould Reaſon take alarm,
And ev'n the Muſe for public ſafety arm?
But if they own ingenuous Virtue's ſway,
And follow where true honour points the way;
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bleſs the donors for their daily bread,
Or, by vaſt debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful, found;
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become diſcreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but Juſtice can't condemn.
"Into our places, ſtates, and beds, they creep;"
They've ſenſe to get what we want ſenſe to keep.

Once, be the hour accurs'd! accurs'd the place!
I ventur'd to blaſpheme the choſen race.
Into thoſe traps which men, call'd Patriots, laid,
By ſpecious arts unwarily betray'd,
Madly I leagu'd againſt that ſacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth:
But ſhall I meanly Error's path purſue,
When heav'nly Truth preſents her friendly clue?
Once plung'd in ill, ſhall I go farther in?
To make the oath was raſh; to keep it ſin.
Backward I tread the paths I trode before,
And calm Reflection hates what Paſſion ſwore.
Converted, (bleſſed are the ſouls which know
Thoſe pleaſures which from true converſion flow,
Whether to reaſon, who now rules my breaſt,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttleton and Weſt)
Paſt crimes to expiate, be my preſent aim
To raiſe new trophies to the Scottiſh name;
To make (what can the proudeſt Muſe do more?)
Ev'n Faction's ſons her brighter worth adore;
To make her glories, ſtamp'd with honeſt rhymes,
In fulleſt tide roll down to lateſt times.
" Preſumptuous wretch! and ſhall a Muſe like thine,
" An Engliſh Muſe! the meaneſt of the Nine,
" Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak ſtrain
" Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?
" Should he from toils of government retire,
" And for a moment fan the poet's fire;

"Should he, of ſciences the moral friend,
"Each curious, each important, ſearch ſuſpend,
"Leave unaſſiſted Hill of herbs to tell,
"And all the wonders of a cockleſhell,
"Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
"Would not the Home ſtep forth and gain the prize?
"Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
"The humble brows of one in England born,
"Preſumptuous ſtill thy daring muſt appear;
"Vain all thy tow'ring hopes whilſt I am here."

Thus ſpake a form, by ſilken ſmile, and tone
Dull and unvary'd, for the Laureat known,
Folly's chief friend, Decorum's eldeſt ſon,
In ev'ry party found, and yet of none.
This airy ſubſtance, this ſubſtantial ſhade,
Abaſh'd I heard, and with reſpect obey'd.

From themes too lofty for a bard ſo mean,
Diſcretion beckons to an humbler ſcene;
The reſtleſs fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and ſeek the ſylvan ſhade.
Now be the Muſe diſrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verſe by truth ſupply'd,
And if plain Nature pours a ſimple ſtrain,
Which Bute may praiſe, and Oſſian not diſdain,
Oſſian! ſublimeſt, ſimpleſt bard of all,
Whom Engliſh infidels Macpherſon call,
Then round my head ſhall Honour's enſigns wave,
And penſions mark me for a willing ſlave.

Two boys, whose birth, beyond all question, springs
From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard Nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning which, enrob'd in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad I ween, where Nature needs no clothes;
Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

Jockey, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown,
With freckles spotted flam'd the golden down,
With meikle art could on the bagpipes play,
Ev'n from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal:
Oft' at his strains, all natural tho' rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest,
Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green:
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grashopper must die:
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the chameleon, who can feast on air.

No birds, except as birds of paſſage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
No ſtreams, as amber ſmooth, as amber clear,
Were ſeen to glide, or heard to warble here:
Rebellion's ſpring, which thro' the country ran,
Furniſh'd with bitter draughts the ſteady clan:
No flow'rs embalm'd the air but one White Roſe,
Which on the Tenth of June by inſtinct blows;
By inſtinct blows at morn, and, when the ſhades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by inſtinct fades.

One, and but one poor ſolitary cave,
Too ſparing of her favours, Nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on Scottiſh pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beaſt ſupply'd.
Their ſnares without entangling briers ſpread,
And thiſtles, arm'd againſt th' invader's head,
Stood in cloſe ranks, all entrance to oppoſe;
Thiſtles! now held more precious than the Roſe.
All creatures which, on Nature's earlieſt plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to naſtineſs and ſpite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the ſight;
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark
Their ſaviour ſhun'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place within. Marking her noiſome road
With poiſon's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were ſpread of more than common ſize,
And half-ſtarv'd ſpiders prey'd on half-ſtarv'd flies:

In queſt of food efts ſtrove in vain to crawl;
Slugs pinch'd with hunger ſmear'd the ſlimy wall:
The cave around with hiſſing ſerpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And Famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.

Here, for the ſullen ſky was overcaſt,
And ſummer ſhrunk beneath a wintry blaſt;
A native blaſt, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked ſwain,
The boys for ſhelter made: behind the ſheep,
Of which thoſe ſhepherds every day take keep,
Sickly crept on, and, with complainings rude,
On Nature ſeem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY. Sith to this cave, by tempeſt, we're con-[fin'd,
And within ken our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this per'lous ſtorm,
Are laid emong yon' thiſtles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by ſhepherds' art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel ſky?
What if we tune ſome merry roundelay?
Well doſt thou ſing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

SAWNEY. Ah! Jockey, ill adviſeſt thou, I wis,
To think of ſongs at ſuch a time as this:
Sooner ſhall herbage crown theſe barren rocks,
Sooner ſhall fleeces clothe theſe ragged flocks,
Sooner ſhall want ſeize ſhepherds of the ſouth,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,

Than Sawney, out of ſeaſon, ſhall impart
The ſongs of gladneſs with an aching heart.

JOCKEY. Still have I known thee for a ſilly ſwain;
Of things paſt help what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer Fortune's ſpite;
No ſky is heavy if the heart be light:
Patience is ſorrow's ſalve: what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right areeds, muſt be endur'd.

SAWNEY. Full ſilly ſwain, I wot, is Jockey now.
How didſt thou bear thy Maggy's falſehood? how,
When with a foreign loon ſhe ſtole away,
Didſt thou forſwear thy pipe and ſhepherd's lay?
Where was thy boaſted wiſdom then, when I
Apply'd thoſe proverbs which you now apply?

JOCKEY. O ſhe was bonny! all the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found?
More precious (tho' that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we Brimſtone call,
Or that choice plant, ſo grateful to the noſe,
Which in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me: dear do I rue
A laſs ſo fair ſhould ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY. Whether with pipe or ſong to charm the ear,
Thro' all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd he that year by ev'ry honeſt Scot,
And in the ſhepherds' kalendar forgot,
That fatal year when Jamie, hapleſs ſwain!
In evil hour forſook the peaceful plain:

Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd, and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.
JOCKEY. Full sorely may we all lament that day,
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets dy'd:
Ah! silly swains! to follow war's alarms;
Ah! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms?
SAWNEY. Mention it not—There saw I strangers
In all the honours of our ravish'd Plaid; [clad
Saw the Ferrara, too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still sur-
To mourn Fifteen renew'd in Forty-five. [vive!
Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of turf,
With boils embos'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale Famine rear'd the head; her eager eyes,
Where hunger ev'n to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start:
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell:

With double rows of uſeleſs teeth ſupply'd,
Her mouth from ear to ear extended wide;
Which when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and, curſing, ſwallow'd nought but wind;
All ſhrivell'd was her ſkin; and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy ſight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd Plaid ſhe threw.
" Ceaſe," cry'd the goddeſs, " ceaſe, deſpairing Swains!
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains.
Pent in this barren corner of the iſle,
Where partial Fortune never deign'd to ſmile;
Like Nature's baſtards, reaping for our ſhare
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongſt the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raiſe contempt and mirth;
Long free, becauſe the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us ſlaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whoſe ruin we for ages vainly ſought;
Whom ſtill with unſlak'd hate we view, and ſtill,
The pow'r of miſchief loſt, retain the will;
Conſider'd as the refuſe of mankind,
A maſs till the laſt moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to ſtamp with life or throw away;
Which, form'd in haſte, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;

Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their king they sold.
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still;
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the sons of Isr'el, having trode,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns:
With some few natives join'd, some pliant few,
Who worship Int'rest, and our track pursue;
There shall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owners' leave.
For us the earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown:
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And Scotsmen reap what they disdain'd to sow:
For us the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us the rain shall fall, the dew distil:
When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies;
His brawny arm shall drudging Labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain:
Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit ours:

For us the oak ſhall from his native ſteep
Deſcend, and, fearleſs, travel thro' the deep:
The ſail of commerce, for our uſe unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treaſures of each diſtant world:
For us ſublimer heights ſhall ſcience reach;
For us their ſtateſmen plot, their churchmen preach:
Their nobleſt limbs of counſel we'll diſjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint:
Devouring War, impriſon'd in the North,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot-wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Diſcord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Deſolation ſtalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Juſtice guided, in his train,
He drives impet'ous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous, Peace give way.
Think not, my Sons! that this ſo bleſs'd eſtate
Stands at a diſtance on the roll of Fate;
Already big with hopes of future ſway,
Ev'n from this cave I ſcent my deſtin'd prey.
Think not that this dominion o'er a race
Whoſe former deeds ſhall time's laſt annals grace,
In the rough face of peril muſt be fought,
And with the lives of thouſands dearly bought:
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laughs to ſcorn the blund'ring hero's heart,

Into the ſnare ſhall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.
When Rome, to prop her ſinking empire, bore
Their choiceſt levies to a foreign ſhore,
What if we ſeiz'd, like a deſtroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood,
Gave an unbounded looſe to manly rage,
And, ſcorning mercy, ſpar'd nor ſex nor age?
When, for our intereſt too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent poſſeſs'd the throne,
What if we ſtrove diviſions to foment,
And ſpread the flames of civil diſcontent,
Aſſiſted thoſe who 'gainſt their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled?
When reſtleſs Glory bade her ſons advance,
And pitch'd her ſtandard in the fields of France,
What if, diſdaining oaths, an empty ſound,
By which our nation never ſhall be bound,
Bravely we taught unmuzzled War to roam
Thro' the weak land, and brought cheap laurels home?
When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
Of law, religion, liberty, and ſenſe,
When they againſt their lawful monarch roſe,
And dar'd the Lord's anointed to oppoſe,
What if we ſtill rever'd the baniſh'd race,
And ſtrove the royal vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions ſhook th' unſettled ſtate,
And greatly dar'd, tho' croſs'd by partial Fate?

These facts, which might, where wisdom held the
Awake the very stones to bar our way, [sway,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an English brain:
Bless'd with that faith which mountains can remove,
First they shall dupes, next saints, last martyrs, prove.
Already is this game of Fate begun
Under the sanction of my darling son;
That son, of nature royal as his name,
Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame:
His boundless pow'r, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked straight;
Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
And sink the mountain level to the plain.
Discord, whom in a cavern under ground
With massy fetters their late patriot bound;
Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curses to the vacant air;
Where, that she never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door,
For better purpose shall our chief release,
Disguise her for a time, and call her Peace.
Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit!
Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat;
To gain our love, with honours shall they grace
The old adherents of the Stewart race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites, are still the same:

To sooth our rage, the temporising brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Against their saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their William's name:
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit!)
To our untainted faith shall they commit
(Our faith which, in extremest perils try'd,
Disdain'd, and still disdains, to change her side)
That sacred Majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys, and best deserves, their love."

THE TIMES.

The time hath been, a boyiſh bluſhing time,
When modeſty was ſcarcely held a crime;
When the moſt wicked had ſome touch of grace,
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face;
When thoſe who, in the cauſe of Sin grown gray,
Had ſerv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet ſo weak an awkward ſhame to feel,
And ſtrove that glorious ſervice to conceal:
We, better bred, and than our ſires more wiſe,
Such paltry narrowneſs of ſoul deſpiſe;
To virtue ev'ry mean pretence diſclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our ſhame.
Time was, ere Temperance had fled the realm,
Ere Luxury ſat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's ſpace
Reſerv'd for bus'neſs, or allow'd for grace;
Ere vanity had ſo far conquer'd ſenſe
To make us all wild rivals in expenſe,
To make one fool ſtrive to outvie another;
And ev'ry coxcomb dreſs againſt his brother;
Ere baniſh'd Induſtry had left our ſhores,
And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;
Ere Idleneſs prevail'd ſole queen in courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for ſports;

Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
And Diſſipation held the place of Thought;
Ere gambling lords in vice ſo far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the ſun look on;
Ere a great nation, not leſs juſt than free,
Was made a beggar by Economy;
Ere rugged Honeſty was out of vogue;
Ere Faſhion ſtamp'd her ſanction on the rogue:
Time was that men had conſcience, that they made
Scruples to owe what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to ſhame,
Who dar'd abuſe and falſify his truſt,
Who being great yet dar'd to be unjuſt,
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at diſtance view'd,
He walk'd the crowded ſtreets in ſolitude,
Nor could his rank and ſtation in the land
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxims (O, might ſuch revive
To keep expiring Honeſty alive!)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame deny'd,
Not juſt thro' principle, but juſt thro' pride.

Our times, more poliſh'd, wear a diff'rent face;
Debts are an honour, payment a diſgrace.
Men of weak minds, high-plac'd on folly's lift,
May gravely tell us trade cannot ſubſiſt,
Nor all thoſe thouſands who're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once deſtroy'd.

Why—be it so—we in that point accord;
But what is trade and tradesmen to a lord?
Faber from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,
Of tradesmen by his villany betray'd,
And, vainly seeking justice, bankrupts made.
What is't to Faber? lordly, as before,
He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more:
Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,
Begging, but only begging for their own;
Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,
Those slaves in livery, who mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? he continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state.
The helpless widow, wrung with deep despair,
In bitterness of soul pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her starving babes with streaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the skies.
What is't to Faber? he stands safe and clear,
Heav'n can commence no legal action here,
And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears
The name of Privilege, 'gainst vulgar awe;
He feels no conscience, and he fears no law.
Nor think, acquainted with small knaves alone,
Who have not shame outliv'd and grace outgrown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on such men, to whom contempt is due,

Contempt ſhall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded ſtand thro' all the land of ſhame.
No—to his porch, like Perſians to the ſun,
Behold contending crowds of courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All ſworn to keep his crimes in countenance:
Nor wonder at it—they partake the charge,
As ſmall their conſcience, and their debts as large.
Propp'd by ſuch clients, and without control
From all that 's honeſt in the human ſoul;
In grandeur mean, with inſolence unjuſt,
Whilſt none but knaves can praiſe and fools will truſt,
Careſs'd and courted, Faber ſeems to ſtand
A mighty pillar in a guilty land.
And (a ſad truth, to which ſucceeding times
Will ſcarce give credit when 'tis told in rhymes)
Did not ſtrict Honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the throne, did not true Piety,
(Who, link'd with Honour for the nobleſt ends,
Ranks none but honeſt men amongſt her friends)
Forbid us to be cruſh'd with ſuch a weight,
He might in time be miniſter of ſtate.
But why enlarge I on ſuch petty crimes?
They might have ſhock'd the faith of former times,
But now are held as nothing—We begin
Where our ſires ended, and improve in ſin;
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our ſons to do.

Nor deem this cenſure hard; there's not a place
Moſt conſecrate to purpoſes of grace,
Which Vice hath not polluted; none ſo high,
But with bold pinion ſhe hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleaſure; none ſo low,
But ſhe hath crept into it, made it know
And feel her pow'r: in courts, in camps, ſhe reigns,
O'er ſober citizens and ſimple ſwains;
Ev'n in our temples ſhe hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.
More to increaſe the horror of our ſtate,
To make her empire laſting as 'tis great;
To make us, in full-grown perfection, feel
Curſes which neither art nor time can heal;
All ſhame diſcarded, all remains of pride,
Meanneſs ſits crown'd, and triumphs by her ſide:
Meanneſs, who gleans out of the human mind
Thoſe few good ſeeds which Vice had left behind,
Thoſe ſeeds which might in time to virtue tend,
And leaves the ſoul without a pow'r to mend:
Meanneſs, at ſight of whom, with brave diſdain,
The breaſt of Manhood ſwells, but ſwells in vain;
Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her ſeat:
Meanneſs which, like that mark by bloody Cain
Borne in his forehead for a brother ſlain,
God, in his great and all-ſubduing rage,
Ordains the ſtanding mark of this vile age.

The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,
The patriot's virtue for a place is sold;
The statesman bargains for his country's shame,
And for preferment priests their God disclaim.
Worn out with lust, her day of leech'ry o'er,
The mother trains the daughter which she bore
In her own paths; the father aids the plan,
And, when the innocent is ripe for man,
Sells her to some old lecher for a wife,
And makes her an adulteress for life,
Or in the Papers bids his name appear,
And advertises for a L——;
Husband and wife (whom Av'rice must applaud)
Agree to save the charge of pimp and bawd;
These parts they play themselves, a frugal pair,
And share the infamy, the gain to share,
Well pleas'd to find, when they the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue so well.
Nor are these things (which might imply a spark
Of shame still left) transacted in the dark:
No—to the public they are open laid,
And carry'd on like any other trade,
Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkness in a cloud.
In fullest vigour Vice maintains her sway;
Free are her marts, and open at noon-day.
Meanness, now wed to Impudence, no more
In darkness sculks, and trembles, as of yore,

When the light breaks upon her coward eye;
Boldly she stalks on earth, and to the sky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears lest time abate,
And turn her husband's love to canker'd hate,
Since Fate, to make them more sincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their son;
A son so like his dam, so like his sire,
With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,
An image so express in ev'ry part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart;
That had they fifty children, he alone
Would stand as heir-apparent to the throne.
With our own island-vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the Continent;
Dance Europe round, and visit ev'ry court,
To ape their follies and their crimes import:
To diff'rent lands for diff'rent sins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,
Nobly industrious to make Vice appear
In her full state, and perfect only here.
To Holland, where politeness ever reigns,
Where primitive sincerity remains,
And makes a stand; where Freedom in her course
Hath left her name, tho' she hath lost her force
In that as other lands; where simple Trade
Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd;
Where Av'rice never dar'd to shew his head;
Where, like a smiling cherub, Mercy, led

By Reaſon, bleſſes the ſweet-blooded race,
And Cruelty could never find a place;
To Holland for that charity we roam,
Which happily begins and ends at home.
France, in return for peace and pow'r reſtor'd,
For all thoſe countries which the hero's ſword
Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own;
France hath afforded large and rich ſupplies
Of vanities full-trimm'd; of poliſh'd lies,
Of ſoothing flatteries, which thro' the ears
Steal to, and melt the heart; of ſlaviſh fears
Which break the ſpirit, and of abject fraud—
For which, alas! we need not ſend abroad.
Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herſelf a dearth—
Gives us that jealouſy which, born of Fear
And mean Diſtruſt, grows not by Nature here—
Gives us that ſuperſtition which pretends
By the worſt means to ſerve the beſt of ends—
That cruelty which, ſtranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the coward and the ſlave;
That cruelty which led her Chriſtian bands
With more than ſavage rage o'er ſavage lands,
Bade her, without remorſe, whole countries thin,
And hold of nought but mercy as a ſin.
Italia, nurſe of ev'ry ſofter art,
Who feigning to refine unmans the heart;

Who lays the realms of Sense and Virtue waste;
Who mars whilst she pretends to mend our taste;
Italia, to complete and crown our shame,
Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.
The farce of greatness, without being great,
Pride without pow'r, titles without estate,
Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
Hate without cause, revenge without remorse,
Dark mean revenge, murder without defence,
Jealousy without love, sound without sense,
Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,
Faith without reason, Gospel without grace,
Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
Men without manhood, women without heart;
Half-men, who, dry and pithless, are debarr'd
From man's best joys—no sooner made than marr'd—
Half-men, whom many a rich and noble dame,
To serve her lust, and yet secure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,
To glut our appetites at last decreed;
Women who dance in postures so obscene,
They might awaken shame in Aretine;
Who, when retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the mysteries of Night,
Might make the Muses, in a corner plac'd
To view their monstrous lusts, deem Sappho chaste:
These, and a thousand follies rank as these,
A thousand faults, ten thousand fools, who please

Our pall'd and ſickly taſte, ten thouſand knaves,
Who ſerve our foes as ſpies and us as ſlaves,
Who, by degrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expenſe
Of fame, of virtue, taſte, and common ſenſe.
Nor ſtop we here—the ſoft luxurious Eaſt,
Where man, his ſoul degraded, from the beaſt
In nothing diff'rent but in ſhape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,
Attracts our eye, and flowing from that ſource,
Sins of the blackeſt character, ſins worſe
Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold;
Would make the beſt blood in my veins run cold,
And ſtrike all manhood dead, which but to name;
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of ſhame:
Sins, if ſuch ſins can be, which ſhut out grace,
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place,
Ev'n in God's mercy; ſins 'gainſt Nature's plan
Poſſeſs the land at large, and man for man
Burn in thoſe fires which hell alone could raiſe
To make him more than damn'd; which, in the days
Of puniſhment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures ſhe can ſcarce repay.
Be grace ſhut out, be mercy deaf, let God
With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod
Which ſpeaks them loſt, and ſentenc'd to deſpair;
Diſtending wide her jaws, let hell prepare,

For those who thus offend amongst mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd:
On earth, which groans beneath their monstrous weight,
On earth, alas! they meet a different fate;
And whilst the laws, false grace, false mercy, shown,
Are taught to wear a softness not their own,
Men whom the beasts would spurn, should they appear
Amongst the honest herd, find refuge here.
No longer by vain fear or shame controll'd,
From long, too long, security grown bold,
Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our streets,
And Lumley ev'n at noon his mistress meets:
So public in their crimes, so daring grown,
They almost take a pride to have them known,
And each unnat'ral villain scarce endures
To make a secret of his vile amours.
Go where we will, at ev'ry time and place,
Sodom confronts, and stares us in the face;
They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honest whores.
Those who are mean high paramours secure,
And the rich guilty screen the guilty poor;
The sin too proud to feel from reason awe,
And those who practise it too great for law.
Woman! the pride and happiness of man,
Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and life not worth a thought;
Woman! by all the Loves and Graces taught,

With ſofteſt arts, and ſure tho' hidden ſkill,
To humanize and mould us to her will;
Woman! with more than common grace form'd here,
With the perſuaſive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our iſle,
Or win us to her purpoſe with a ſmile;
Woman! by Fate the quickeſt ſpur decreed,
The faireſt, beſt, reward of ev'ry deed
Which bears the ſtamp of honour, at whoſe name
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilſt o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcaſſes of princes ſlain,
Confuſion proudly ſtrode, whilſt Horror blew
The fatal trump, and Death ſtalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by,
As having loſt its uſe: no more the eye,
With female beauty caught, in wild amaze,
Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
No more the heart, that ſeat where Love reſides,
Each breath drawn quick and ſhort, in fuller tides
Life poſting thro' the veins, each pulſe on fire,
And the whole body tingling with deſire,
Pants for thoſe charms which Virtue might engage
To break his vow, and thaw the froſt of Age,
Bidding each trembling nerve, each muſcle ſtrain,
And giving pleaſure which is almoſt pain.
Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
For pleaſure we muſt have a Ganymede,

A fine, freſh Hylas, a delicious boy,
To ſerve our purpoſes of beaſtly joy!
Faireſt of nymphs, where ev'ry nymph is fair,
Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,
With more than common care whom Art improv'd,
And both declar'd moſt worthy to be lov'd,
——— neglected wanders, whilſt a crowd
Purſue, and conſecrate the ſteps ———
She, hapleſs maid! born in a wretched hour,
Waſtes life's gay prime in vain, like ſome fair flow'r,
Sweet in its ſcent, and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the ſtalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncropp'd; whilſt he, admir'd, careſs'd,
Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome gueſt,
With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,
For this unnat'ral luſt a common ſew'r.
Dine with Apicius——at his ſumpt'ous board
Find all the world of dainties can afford——
And yet (ſo much diſtemper'd ſpirits pall
The ſickly appetite) amidſt them all
Apicius finds no joy, but whilſt he carves
For ev'ry gueſt the landlord ſits and ſtarves.
The foreſt haunch, fine, fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, ſmokes before his eye,
But ſmokes in vain; his heedleſs eye runs o'er
And loaths what he had deify'd before:
The turtle, of a great and glorious ſize,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize,

For which a man of taste all risks would run,
Itself a feast, and ev'ry dish in one;
The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dress'd, by Quin;
In vain it comes, in vain lies full in view;
As Quin hath dress'd it he may eat it too;
Apicius cannot—When the glass goes round,——
Quick-circling, and the roofs with mirth resound,
Sober he sits, and silent—all alone
Tho' in a crowd; and to himself scarce known,
On grief he feeds; nor friends can cure, nor wine
Suspend, his cares, and make him cease to pine.
Why mourns Apicius thus? why runs his eye,
Heedless, o'er delicates, which from the sky
Might call down Jove? Where now his gen'rous wish
That, to invent a new and better dish,
The world might burn and all mankind expire,
So he might roast a phœnix at the fire?
Why swims that eye in tears which, thro' a race
Of sixty years, ne'er shew'd one sign of grace?
Why feels that heart which never felt before?
Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his stomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of sorrow? Hath Fate call'd
His father from the grave to second life?
Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife?
Or hath the law, by strictest justice taught,
Compell'd him to restore the dow'r she brought?

Hath ſome bold creditor, againſt his will,
Brought in, and forc'd him to diſcharge, a bill,
Where eating had no ſhare? hath ſome vain wench
Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
Hath any rival glutton got the ſtart,
And beat him in his own luxurious art?
Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
Or dreſs'd old daintics in a newer way?
Hath his cook, worthy to be ſlain with rods,
Spoil'd a diſh fit to entertain the gods?
Or hath ſome varlet, croſs'd by cruel Fate,
Thrown down the price of empires in a plate?
None, none of theſe—his ſervants all are try'd,
So ſure, they walk on ice and never ſlide;
His cook, an acquiſition made in France,
Might put a Cloe out of countenance;
Nor, tho' old Holles ſtill maintains his ſtand,
Hath he one rival glutton in the land.
Women are all the objects of his hate;
His debts are all unpaid, and yet his ſtate
In full ſecurity and triumph held,
Unleſs for once a knave ſhould be expell'd:
His wife is ſtill a whore, and in his pow'r,
The woman gone, he ſtill retains the dow'r:
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
Which mix'd the draught, and kindly ſent him there)
His father ſleeps, and, till the laſt trump ſhake
The corners of the earth, ſhall not awake.

Whence flows this sorrow, then? Behind his chair
Didst thou not see, deck'd with a solitaire,
Which on his bare breast glitt'ring play'd, and grac'd
With nicest ornaments, a stripling plac'd,
A smooth smug stripling, in life's fairest prime?
Didst thou not mind, too, how, from time to time,
The monstrous lecher, tempted to despise
All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?
How he seem'd inly to reproach us all,
Who strove his fix'd attention to recall,
And how he wish'd, ev'n at the time of grace,
Like Janus, to have had a double face?
His cause of grief behold in that fair boy;
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy.

Vain and unthinking stripling! when the glass
Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you pass,
Flatt'ring, presents in smiles thy image there,
Why dost thou bless the gods who made thee fair?
Blame their large bounties, and with reason blame;
Curse, curse thy beauty, for it leads to shame:
When thy hot lord, to work thee to his end,
Bids show'rs of gold into thy breast descend,
Suspect his gifts, nor the vile giver trust;
They're baits for virtue, and smell strong of lust.
On those gay gaudy trappings, which adorn
The temple of thy body, look with scorn;
View them with horror; they pollution mean
And deepest ruin: thou hast often seen

From 'mongſt the herd the faireſt and the beſt
Carefully ſingled out, and richly dreſt,
With grandeur mock'd, for ſacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at laſt to bleed.
Be warn'd in time, the threaten'd danger ſhun,
To ſtay a moment is to be undone.
What tho', temptation proof, thy virtue ſhine,
Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine?
All other methods failing, one reſource
Is ſtill behind, and thou muſt yield to force.
Paint to thyſelf the horrors of a rape,
Moſt ſtrongly paint, and, while thou canſt, eſcape:
Mind not his promiſes——they're made in ſport——
Made to be broke——was he not bred at court?
Truſt not his honour, he's a man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths——they're made on earth,
Not regiſter'd in heav'n——he mocks at grace,
And in his creed God never found a place——
Look not for Conſcience——for he knows her not,
So long a ſtranger, ſhe is quite forgot——
Nor think thyſelf in law ſecure and firm——
Thy maſter is a lord, and thou a worm,——
A poor mean reptile, never meant to think,
Who, being well ſupply'd with meat and drink,
And ſuffer'd juſt to crawl from place to place,
Muſt ſerve his luſts, and think he does thee grace.
Fly, then, whilſt yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly:
But whither canſt thou go? on whom rely

For wish'd protection? Virtue's sure to meet
An armed host of foes in ev'ry street.
What boots it, of Apicius fearful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone?
Or why take refuge in the house of pray'r,
If sure to meet with an Apicius there?
Trust not old age, which will thy faith betray;
Saint Socrates is still a goat tho' gray:
Trust not green youth; Florio will scarce go down,
And at eighteen hath surfeited the Town:
Trust not to rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
They take up raking only as a fence
'Gainst common fame—place H——— in thy view,
He keeps one whore as Barrowby kept two:
Trust not to marriage—T——— took a wife,
Who chaste as Dian might have pass'd her life,
Had she not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,
And save expiring titles) taken care,
Without his knowledge, to provide an heir:
Trust not to marriage, in mankind unread;
S———'s a married man, and S——— new wed.
Wouldst thou be safe? society forswear,
Fly to the desert, and seek shelter there;
Herd with the brutes—they follow Nature's plan—
There 's not one brute so dangerous as man
In Afric's wilds—'mongst them that refuge find
Which lust denies thee here among mankind:

Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain pride on manhood: on all four
Walk, as you see those honest creatures do,
And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.
But if the thoughts of solitude alarm,
And social life hath one remaining charm;
If still thou art to jeopardy decreed
Amongst the monsters of Augusta's breed,
Lay by thy sex thy safety to procure,
Put off the man, from men to live secure;
Go forth a woman to the public view,
And with their garb assume their manners too.
Had the light-footed Greek of Chiron's school
Been wise enough to keep this single rule,
The maudlin hero, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his plaything, on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his minion in his mistress' room.
Be not in this than catamites more nice,
Do that for virtue which they do for vice;
Thus shalt thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus stand uncourted in the drawingroom;
At midnight thus, untempted, walk the street,
And run no danger but of being beat.
Where is the mother whose officious zeal,
Discreetly judging what her daughters feel
By what she felt herself in days of yore,
Against that lecher man makes fast the door?

Who not permits, ev'n for the ſake of pray'r,
A prieſt uncaſtrated to enter there,
Nor (could her wiſhes and her care prevail)
Would ſuffer in the houſe a fly that's male?
Let her diſcharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;
Nor can a man be found, as Times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them ſo.
Tho' they more freſh, more lively, than the morn,
And brighter than the noon-day ſun, adorn
The works of Nature; tho' the mother's grace
Revives improv'd in ev'ry daughter's face,
Undiſciplin'd in dull Diſcretion's rules,
Untaught and undebauch'd by boarding-ſchools,
Free and unguarded let them range the Town,
Go forth at random, and run pleaſure down,
Start where ſhe will; diſcard all taint of fear,
Nor think of danger when no danger 's near.
Watch not their ſteps—they're ſafe without thy care,
Unleſs, like Jennets, they conceive by air,
And ev'ry one of them may die a nun,
Unleſs they breed, like carrion, in the ſun.
Men dead to pleaſure as they're dead to grace,
Againſt the law of Nature ſet their face,
The grand primeval law, and ſeem combin'd
To ſtop the propagation of mankind;
Vile pathics read the Marriage Act with pride,
And fancy that the law is on their ſide.

Broke down, and ſtrength a ſtranger to his bed,
Old L——, tho' yet alive, is dead;
T—— lives no more, or lives not to our Iſle;
No longer bleſs'd with a Cz——'s ſmile;
T—— is at P—— diſgrac'd,
And M—— grown gray, perforce grows chaſte;
Nor, to the credit of our modeſt race,
Riſes one ſtallion to ſupply their place.
A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
In mid December the rank fly would blow
Tho' cloſely kept, now, when the Dog-ſtar's heat
Inflames the marrow, in the very ſtreet
May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by thoſe
Who daintily paſs by and hold their noſe.
Poor plain Concupiſcence is in diſgrace,
And ſimple Lech'ry dares not ſhew her face,
Leſt ſhe be ſent to Bridewell: bankrupts made,
To ſave their fortunes bawds leave off that trade,
Which firſt had left off them; to Well-cloſe Square
Fine, freſh, young ſtrumpets (for Dodd preaches there)
Throng for ſubſiſtence: pimps no longer thrive,
And penſions only keep L—— alive.

Where is the mother who thinks all her pain
And all her jeopardy of travail gain
When a manchild is born, thinks ev'ry pray'r
Paid to the full and anſwer'd in an heir?
Short-ſighted Woman! little doth ſhe know
What ſtreams of ſorrow from that ſource may flow;

Little ſuſpect, while ſhe ſurveys her boy,
Her young Narciſſus, with an eye of joy
Too full for continence, that Fate could give
Her darling as a curſe; that ſhe may live,
Ere ſixteen winters their ſhort courſe have run,
In agonies of ſoul to curſe that ſon.

Pray then for daughters, ye wiſe Mothers! pray;
They ſhall reward your love, not make ye gray
Before your time with ſorrow; they ſhall give
Ages of peace and comfort; whilſt ye live
Make life moſt truly worth your care, and ſave,
In ſpite of death, your mem'ries from the grave.

That ſenſe, with more than manly vigour fraught,
That fortitude of ſoul, that ſtretch of thought,
That genius great beyond the narrow bound
Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found
When wanted moſt, that purity of taſte
Which critics mention by the name of Chaſte;
Adorn'd with elegance, that eaſy flow
Of ready wit which never made a foe;
That face, that form, that dignity, that eaſe,
Thoſe pow'rs of pleaſing, with that will to pleaſe,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
Ev'n from the curriſh Pope extorted praiſe,
We ſee, tranſmitted, in her daughter ſhine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline.

Is a ſon born into this world of woe?
In never-ceaſing ſtreams let ſorrow flow;

Be from that hour the house with sables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue
Ev'n from the moment that he first began
To wail and whine; let him not see a man:
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye;
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought; B——, tho' rich, was sold,
And gave his body up to shame for gold.
Let it be bruited all about the Town
That he is coarse, indelicate, and brown,
An antidote to lust; his face deep scarr'd
With the small-pox, his body maim'd and marr'd;
Ate up with the king's-evil, and his blood
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running sore.
Shouldst thou report him as by Nature made
He is undone, and by thy praise betray'd:
Give him out fair, lechers, in number more,
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door
Of Lot in Sodom, shall to thine repair,
And force a passage tho' a god is there.
Let him not have one servant that is male;
Where lords are baffled servants oft' prevail.
Some vices they propose, to all agree;
H——was guilty, but was M—— free?
Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than trust his morals to a monk——

Monks we all know—we, who have liv'd at home,
From fair report, and travellers, who roam,
More feelingly—nor trust him to the gown,
'Tis oft' a covering in this vile Town
For base designs: ourselves have liv'd to see
More than one parson in the pillory.
Should he have brothers, (image to thy view
A scene which, tho' not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t' other known,
Nor let his father sit with him alone.
Be all his servants female, young, and fair,
And if the pride of Nature spur thy heir
To deeds of venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get some score of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crime
Which, more at this than any other time,
Calls for indulgence, and 'mongst such a race
To have a bastard is some sign of grace.
Born in such Times, should I sit tamely down,
Suppress my rage, and saunter thro' the Town
As one who knew not, or who shar'd these crimes?
Should I at lesser evils point my rhymes,
And let this giant sin, in the full eye
Of Observation, pass unwounded by?
Tho' our meek wives, passive obedience taught,
Patiently bear those wrongs for which they ought,
With the brave spirit of their dams possest,
To plant a dagger in each husband's breast,

To cut off male-increaſe from this fair Iſle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Tho', on his Sunday, the ſmug Pulpiteer,
Loud 'gainſt all other crimes, is ſilent here,
And thinks himſelf abſolv'd, in the pretence
Of decency, which, meant for the defence
Of real virtue, and to raiſe her price,
Becomes an agent for the cauſe of vice;
Tho' the law ſleeps, and thro' the care they take
To drug her well, may never more awake;
Born in ſuch Times, nor with that patience curſt
Which ſaints may boaſt of, I muſt ſpeak or burſt.

But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice and chaſter ear;
If, all unguarded, all too rude, I ſpeak,
And call up bluſhes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, ye Fair!—my real motives view,
And to forgiveneſs add your praiſes too.
For you I write—nor wiſh a better plan,
The cauſe of woman is moſt worthy man—
For you I ſtill will write, nor hold my hand
Whilſt there's one ſlave of Sodom in the land.

Let them fly far, and ſculk from place to place,
Not daring to meet Manhood face to face,
Their ſteps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat
Where they may hide their heads or reſt their feet,
Till God in wrath ſhall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,

Bidding, in one grand pile, this Town expire,
Her tow'rs in dust, her Thames a lake of fire,
Or they (most worth our wish) convinc'd, tho' late,
Of their past crimes, and dangerous estate,
Pardon of women with repentance buy,
And learn to honour them as much as I.

INDEPENDENCE.

HAPPY the bard (tho' few ſuch bards we find)
Who, 'bove controlment, dares to ſpeak his mind;
Dares, unabaſh'd, in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears but what he ought to fear:
Him Faſhion cannot tempt, him abject Need
Cannot compel, him Pride cannot miſlead
To be the ſlave of Greatneſs, to ſtrike ſail
When, ſweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality in full plumage paſſes by;
He views her with a fix'd contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due ſtate,
And is above converſing with the great.

Periſh thoſe ſlaves, thoſe minions of the quill,
Who have conſpir'd to ſeize that ſacred hill
Where the Nine Siſters pour a genuine ſtrain,
And ſunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who with mean private views and ſervile art,
No ſpark of virtue living in their heart,
Have baſely turn'd apoſtates; have debas'd
Their dignity of office; have diſgrac'd,
Like Eli's ſons, the altars where they ſtand,
And caus'd their name to ſtink thro' all the land;
Have ſtoop'd to proſtitute their venal pen
For the ſupport of great but guilty men;

Have made the bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a Lord.
What is a Lord? Doth that plain ſimple word
Contain ſome magic ſpell? As ſoon as heard,
Like an alarum bell on Night's dull ear,
Doth it ſtrike louder, and more ſtrong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Thro' Reaſon's court doth it unqueſtion'd go
Ev'n on the mention, and of courſe tranſmit
Notions of ſomething excellent, of wit
Pleaſing tho' keen, of humour free tho' chaſte,
Of ſterling genius with ſound judgment grac'd,
Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honour which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas Nature's firſt intent,
Before their rank became their puniſhment,
They ſhould have paſs'd for men, nor bluſh'd to prize
The bleſſings ſhe beſtow'd—She gave them eyes,
And they could ſee—ſhe gave them ears—they heard—
The inſtruments of ſtirring, and they ſtirr'd—
Like us, they were deſign'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think;
Till they, by pride corrupted, for the ſake
Of ſingularity, diſclaim'd that make;
Till they, diſdaining Nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and ſtruck into another road,
More fitting Quality, and to our view
Came forth a ſpecies altogether new,

Something we had not known, and could not know,
Like nothing of God's making here below;
Nature exclaim'd with wonder—Lords are things
Which, never made by me, were made by kings.
A Lord, (nor let the honeſt and the brave,
The true old noble, with the fool and knave
Here mix his fame; curs'd be that thought of mine,
Which with a B—— and F—— ſhould Grafton join)
A Lord, (nor here let Cenſure raſhly call
My juſt contempt of ſome abuſe of all,
And, as of late, when Sodom was my theme,
Slander my purpoſe, and my Muſe blaſpheme,
Becauſe ſhe ſtops not, rapid in her ſong,
To make exceptions as ſhe goes along,
Tho' well ſhe hopes to find, another year,
A whole Minority exceptions here)
A mere, mere Lord, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame,
Lives on another man, himſelf a blank,
Thankleſs he lives, or muſt ſome grandſire thank
For ſmuggled honours and ill-gotten pelf;
A bard owes all to Nature and himſelf.
Gods! how my ſoul is burnt up with diſdain,
When I ſee men, whom Phœbus in his train
Might view with pride, lackey the heels of thoſe
Whom Genius ranks amongſt her greateſt foes!
And what's the cauſe? why, theſe ſame ſons of ſcorn,
No thanks to them, were to a title born,

And could not help it; by Chance hither sent,
And only deities by accident.
Had Fortune on our getting chanc'd to shine,
Their birthright honours had been your's or mine.
'Twas a mere random stroke, and should the throne
Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
Thou, tho' a bard, might'st be their fellow yet;
But Felix never can be made a wit.—
No, in good faith—that's one of those few things
Which Fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of kings:
Bards may be lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn lords into bards.
A Bard!—a Lord!—Why, let them, hand in hand,
Go forth as friends, and travel thro' the land,
Observe which word the people can digest
Most readily, which goes to market best,
Which gets most credit, whether men will trust
A bard because they think he may be just,
Or on a lord will chuse to risk their gains,
Tho' privilege in that point still remains.
A Bard!—a Lord!—let Reason take her scales,
And fairly weigh those words, see which prevails,
Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,
And which by sinking we the victor deem.
'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,
Summons a synod in the sacred grove,
Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on high,
And sit in state the senate of the sky,

Whilſt, in a kind of parliament below,
Men ſtare at thoſe above, and want to know
What they're tranſacting: Reaſon takes her ſtand
Juſt in the midſt, a balance in her hand,
Which o'er and o'er ſhe tries, and finds it true;
From either ſide, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth, of figure ſtrange and queer;
We now and then ſee ſomething like them here.
The firſt was meagre, flimſy, void of ſtrength,
But Nature kindly had made up in length
What ſhe in breadth deny'd: erect and proud,
A head and ſhoulders taller than the crowd,
He deem'd them pigmies all: looſe hung his ſkin
O'er his bare bones: his face ſo very thin,
So very narrow, and ſo much beat out,
That phyſiognomiſts have made a doubt,
Proportion loſt, expreſſion quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not;
At end of it howe'er, unbleſs'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd:
With legs which we might well conceive that Fate
Meant only to ſupport a ſpider's weight,
Firmly he ſtrove to tread, and with a ſtride
Which ſhew'd at once his weakneſs and his pride,
Shaking himſelf to pieces, ſeem'd to cry,
Obſerve, good People! how I ſhake the ſky.
In his right hand a paper did he hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,

Distinct and plain for those who run to see,
Saint Archibald had wrote L,O,R,D.
This, with an air of scorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into Reason's scales, and on that bar,
Which from his soul he hated yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd.
The judge to all around his name declar'd;
Each goddess titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove star'd,
And the whole people cry'd, with one accord,
Good Heaven bless us all! is that a Lord?

Such was the first—The second was a man
Whom Nature built on quite a diff'rent plan;
A bear whom, from the moment he was born,
His dam despis'd, and left unlick'd in scorn:
A Babel which, the pow'r of art outdone,
She could not finish when she had begun:
An utter Chaos, out of which no might,
But that of God, could strike one spark of light.

Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to blade
A H——— might at full length have laid:
Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted strong;
His face was short, but broader than 'twas long;
His features, tho' by Nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge
And bury meaning, save that we might spy
Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his eye:
His arms were two twin oaks; his legs so stout
That they might bear a Mansionhouse about;

Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Design'd by Fate a much less weight to bear.
O'er a brown cassock, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A sight most strange, and awkward to behold,
He threw a covering of blue and gold.
Just at that time of life when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He started up a fop, and, fond of show,
Look'd like another Hercules turn'd beau.
A subject met with [illegible]y now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
Hogarth would draw him (Envy must allow)
Ev'n to the life, was Hogarth living now.
With such accoutrements, with such a form,
Much like a porpoise just before a storm,
Onward he roll'd: a laugh prevail'd around;
Ev'n Jove was seen to simper; at the sound
(Nor was the cause unknown, for from his youth
Himself he study'd by the glass of truth)
He join'd their mirth; nor shall the gods condemn
If, whilst they laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reason view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd thro' his soul, and quite forgot his face,
And from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other scale, the name of Bard.
Then, (for she did as judges ought to do,
She nothing of the case beforehand knew,

Nor wiſh'd to know; ſhe never ſtretch'd the laws,
Nor, baſely to anticipate a cauſe,
Compell'd ſolicitors, no longer free,
To ſhew thoſe briefs ſhe had no right to ſee)
Then ſhe with equal hand her ſcales held out,
Nor did the cauſe one moment hang in doubt;
She held her ſcales out fair to public view,
The Lord, as ſparks fly upwards, upwards flew,
More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The Bard, preponderating, kept his ſtate;
Reaſon approv'd, and with a voice, whoſe ſound
Shook earth, ſhook heaven, on the cleareſt ground
Pronouncing for the Bard—a full decree,
Cry'd—"Thoſe muſt honour them who honour me;
They from this preſent day, where'er I reign,
In their own right precedence ſhall obtain:
Merit rules here; be it enough that birth
Intoxicates and ſways the fools of earth."

Nor think that here, in hatred to a lord,
I've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record;
Search when you will, (I am not now in ſport)
You'll find it regiſter'd in Reaſon's court.

Nor think that Envy here hath ſtrung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I moſt admire,
And look on titles with an eye of ſcorn,
Becauſe I was not to a title born.
By Him that made me I am much more proud,
More inly ſatisfy'd, to have a crowd

Point at me as I paſs, and cry,—" That 's he—
A poor but honeſt bard, who dares be free
Amidſt corruption," than to have a train
Of ſlick'ring levee ſlaves to make me vain
Of things I ought to bluſh for; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye;
When I am leſs than man my faults t' adore,
And make me think that I am ſomething more.
Recall paſt times, bring back the days of old,
When the great noble bore his honours bold,
And in the face of p[illegible] when he dar'd
Things which his legal baſtard, if declar'd,
Might well diſcredit; faithful to his truſt,
In the extremeſt points of juſtice juſt,
Well knowing all, and lov'd by all he knew,
True to his king, and to his country true;
Honeſt at court, above the baits of gain,
Plain in his dreſs, and in his manners plain;
Mod'rate in wealth, gen'rous, but not profuſe,
Well worthy riches, for he knew their uſe;
Poſſeſſing much, and yet deſerving more,
Deſerving thoſe high honours which he wore
With eaſe to all, and in return gain'd fame,
Which all men paid, becauſe he did not claim.
When the grim War was plac'd in dread array,
Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,
Or lioneſs of royal whelps foredone,
In peace as mild as the departing ſun,

A gen'ral bleſſing whereſoe'er he turn'd,
Patron of learning, nor himſelf unlearn'd;
Ever awake at Pity's tender call,
A father of the poor, a friend to all;
Recall ſuch times, and from the grave bring back
A worth like this, my heart ſhall bend, or crack,
My ſtubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And ev'ry Muſe conſpire to ſwell his fame,
Till Envy ſhall to him that praiſe allow
Which ſhe cannot deny to Temple now.
This juſtice claims, nor ſhall the bard forget,
Delighted with the taſk, to pay that debt,
To pay it like a man, and in his lays,
Sounding ſuch worth, prove his own right to praiſe.
But let not Pride and Prejudice miſdeem,
And think that empty titles are my theme;
Titles with me are vain and nothing worth;
I rev'rence virtue, but I laugh at birth.
Give me a lord that 's honeſt, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his ſlave;
Tho' none, indeed, but blockheads would pretend
To make a ſlave where they may make a friend.
I love his virtues, and will make them known,
Confeſs his rank, but can't forget my own.
Give me a lord who, to a title born,
Boaſts nothing elſe, I'll pay him ſcorn with ſcorn.
What! ſhall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tamely make way if ſuch a wretch appear?

Shall I uncover'd ſtand, and bend my knee
To ſuch a ſhadow of nobility,
A ſhred, a remnant? he might not unknown
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note
Had he not worn, by chance, his father's coat.
To think a M——— worth my leaſt regards
Is treaſon to the majeſty of bards.
By Nature form'd, (when, for her honour's ſake,
She ſomething more than common ſtrove to make,
When, overlooking each minute defect,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour ſhe impreſt
Her ſtamp moſt ſtrongly on the favour'd breaſt)
The bard, (nor think too lightly that I mean
Thoſe little piddling witlings who o'erween
Of their ſmall parts, the Murphys of the ſtage,
The Maſons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearſe,
And drawl out meaſur'd proſe, which they call Verſe)
The real bards, whom native genius fires,
Whom every maid of Caſtaly inſpires,
Let him conſider wherefore he was meant,
Let him but anſwer Nature's great intent,
And fairly weigh himſelf with other men,
Would ne'er debaſe the glories of his pen,
Would in full ſtate, like a true monarch, live,
Nor bate one inch of his prerogative.

Methinks I see old Wingate frowning here,
(Wingate may in the season be a peer,
Tho' now, against his will, of figures sick;
He's forc'd to diet on arithmetic,
Ev'n whilst he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old clothes to sell about the streets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His Tyburn bob turn'd to a dress'd bag wig)
I hear him cry—"What doth this jargon mean?
Was ever such a damn'd dull blockhead seen?
Majesty—Bard—Prerogative—Disdain
Hath got into and turn'd the fellow's brain:
To Bethlem with him—give him whips and straw—
I'm very sensible he's mad in law.
A saucy groom, who trades in reason, thus,
To set himself upon a par with us;
If this here's suffer'd, and if that there fool
May when he pleases send us all to school,
Why, then our only bus'ness is outright
To take our caps, and bid the world good night.
I've kept a bard myself this twenty years,
But nothing of this kind in him appears;
He, like a thorough true-bred spaniel, licks:
The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks:
He fetches and he carries, blacks my shoes,
Nor thinks it a discredit to his Muse:
A creature of the right chameleon hue,
He wears my colours, yellow or true blue,

Juſt as I wear them; 'tis all one to him
Whether I change thro' conſcience or thro' whim.
Now this is ſomething like, or ſuch a plan
A bard may find a friend in a great man;
But this proud coxcomb—Zounds! I thought that all
Of this queer tribe had been like my old Paul."

Injurious thought! accurſed be the tongue
On which the vile inſinuation hung,
The heart where 'twas engender'd! curs'd be thoſe,
Thoſe bards, who not themſelves alone expoſe,
But me, but all, and make the very name
By which they're call'd a ſtanding mark of ſhame!

Talk not of cuſtom—'tis the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but paſſes not with me;
An old ſtale trick, which Guilt hath often try'd
By numbers to o'erpow'r the better ſide.
Why tell me then that from the birth of Rhyme,
No matter when, down to the preſent time,
As by th' original decree of Fate,
Bards have protection ſought amongſt the great;
Conſcious of weakneſs have apply'd to them
As vines to elms, and twining round their ſtem,
Flouriſh'd on high? to gain this wiſh'd ſupport
Ev'n Virgil to Mecænas paid his court.
As to the cuſtom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a fooliſh diffidence, not need,
From which it roſe; had bards but truly known
That ſtrength which is moſt properly their own,

Without a lord, unpropp'd, they might have ſtood,
And overtopp'd thoſe giants of the wood.
But why, when preſent times my care engage,
Muſt I go back to the Auguſtan age?
Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the manſions of the ancient dead?
Can they find patrons no where but at Rome,
And muſt I ſeek Mecænas in the tomb?
Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note
Start up, and from report Mecænas quote;
Under his colours lords are proud to fight,
Forgetting that Mecænas was a knight;
They mention him, as if to uſe his name
Was, in ſome meaſure, to partake his fame,
Tho' Virgil, was he living, in the ſtreet
Might rot for them, or periſh in the Fleet.
See how they redden, and the charge diſclaim——
Virgil, and in the Fleet——forbid it, Shame!
Hence, ye vain Boaſters! to the Fleet repair,
And aſk, with bluſhes aſk, if Lloyd is there.
Patrons in days of yore were men of ſenſe,
Were men of taſte, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters——Some of them were heard
To read off-hand, and never ſpell a word:
Some of them, too, to ſuch a monſtrous height
Was learning riſen, for themſelves could write,
And kept their ſecretaries, as the great
Do many other fooliſh things, for ſtate.

Our patrons are of quite a diff'rent ſtrain,
With neither ſenſe nor taſte; againſt the grain
They patronize for faſhion' ſake—no more—
And keep a bard juſt as they keep a whore.
M——— ——— (on ſuch occaſion I am loath
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled ev'n to read,
Nor could deſerve their clergy by their creed:
Others can write, but ſuch a Pagan hand,
A Willes ſhould always at our elbow ſtand:
Many, if begg'd, a chancellor, of right,
Would order into keeping at firſt ſight.
Thoſe who ſtand faireſt to the public view
Take to themſelves the praiſe to others due,
They rob the very 'Spital, and make free
With thoſe, alas! who've leaſt to ſpare—We ſee
— — — hath not had a word to ſay,
Since winds and waves bore Singleſpeech away.
Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the bard ſhould make his bow
At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the preſent day,
They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.
Virgil lov'd rural eaſe, and, far from harm,
Mecænas fix'd him in a neat ſnug farm,
Where he might, free from trouble, paſs his days
In his own way, and pay his rent in praiſe.

Horace lov'd wine, and, thro' his friend at court,
Could buy it off the key in ev'ry port:
Horace lov'd mirth, Mecænas lov'd it too;
They met, they laugh'd, as Goy and I may do,
Nor in those moments paid the least regard
To which was minister and which was bard.

Not so our patrons—grave as grave can be,
They know themselves, they keep up dignity;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit:
Wit, if familiar made, will find her strength—
'Tis best to keep her weak, and at arm's length.
'Tis well enough for bards if patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live.
Such is their language, and their practice such;
They promise little, and they give not much.
Let the weak bard, with prostituted strain,
Praise that proud Scot whom all good men disdain;
What's his reward? why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the cook in rhyme;
Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)
May at the second table get a place,
With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine.

And are there bards who, on Creation's file,
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair Isle

The air of freedom, with ſo little gall,
So low a ſpirit, proſtrate thus to fall
Before theſe idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a ſtone?
Better, and much more noble, to abjure
The ſight of men, and in ſome cave, ſecure
From all the outrages of Pride, to feaſt
On Nature's ſallads, and be free at leaſt.
Better (tho' that, to ſay the truth, is worſe
Than almoſt any other modern curſe)
Diſcard all ſenſe, divorce the thankleſs Muſe,
Critics commence, and write in the Reviews;
Write without tremor, Griffiths* cannot read;
No fool can fail where Langhorne can ſucceed.
But (not to make a brave and honeſt pride
Try thoſe means firſt ſhe muſt diſdain when try'd)
There are a thouſand ways, a thouſand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts
May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;
Let thoſe who pine for more live and be ſlaves.
Our real wants in a ſmall compaſs lie,
But lawleſs appetite with eager eye,
Kept in a conſtant fever, more requires,
And we are burnt up with our own deſires.
Hence our dependence, hence our ſlav'ry, ſprings;
Bards, if contented, are as great as kings.

* Publiſher of The Monthly Review.

Ourſelves are to ourſelves the cauſe of ill;
We may be independent if we will.
The man who ſuits his ſpirit to his ſtate
Stands on an equal footing with the great;
Moguls themſelves are not more rich, and he
Who rules the Engliſh nation not more free.
Chains were not forg'd more durable and ſtrong
For bards than others, but they've worn them long,
And therefore wear them ſtill; they've quite forgot
What freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
Could they, tho' in their ſleep, could they but know
The bleſſings which from Independence flow;
Could they but have a ſhort and tranſient gleam
Of liberty, tho' 'twas but in a dream,
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But, once made freemen, would be always free.
The Muſe, if ſhe one moment freedom gains,
Can never more ſubmit to ſing in chains.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The bird repays his keeper with his ſong;
But if ſome playful child ſets wide the door,
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
With love of liberty begins to burn,
And rather ſtarves than to his cage return.

Hail, Independence!—by true reaſon taught,
How few have known and priz'd thee as they ought!
Some give thee up for riot; ſome, like boys,
Reſign thee, in their childiſh moods, for toys;

Ambition ſome, ſome avarice, miſleads,
And in both caſes Independence bleeds.
Abroad, in queſt of thee, how many roam,
Nor know they had thee in their reach at home!
Some, tho' about their paths, their beds about,
Have never had the ſenſe to find thee out:
Others, who know of what they are poſſeſt,
Like fearful miſers, lock thee in a cheſt,
Nor have the reſolution to produce,
In theſe bad times, and bring thee forth for uſe.
Hail, Independence!—tho' thy name's ſcarce known,
Tho' thou, alas! art out of faſhion grown,
Tho' all deſpiſe thee, I will not deſpiſe,
Nor live one moment longer than I prize
Thy preſence, and enjoy: by angry Fate
Bow'd down, and almoſt cruſh'd, thou cam'ſt, tho' late,
Thou cam'ſt upon me like a ſecond birth,
And made me know what life was truly worth.
Hail, Independence!—never may my cot,
Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot:
Thither, O thither! oftentimes repair;
Cotes, whom thou loveſt too, ſhall meet thee there;
All thoughts but what ariſe from joy give o'er;
Peace dwells within, and Law ſhall guard the door.
O'erweening Bard! Law guard thy door! what law?
The law of England—To controul and awe
Thoſe ſaucy hopes, to ſtrike that ſpirit dumb,
Behold, in ſtate, Adminiſtration come!

Why, let her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to suffer all she dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her strength, but will not change my side.
This melting mass of flesh she may control
With iron ribs, she cannot chain my soul.
No—to the last resolv'd her worst to bear,
I'm still at large, and independent there.
Where is this minister? where is the band
Of ready slaves who at his elbow stand
To hear and to perform his wicked will?
Why for the first time are they slow to ill?
When some grand act 'gainst law is to be done,
Doth ——— sleep? doth blood-hound ——— run
To L———, and worry those small deer;
When he might do more precious mischief here?
Doth ——— turn tail? doth he refuse to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?
Doth ———, at G———d kick'd, from G———d run,
With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his son,
And, his more honest rival Ketch to cheat,
Purchase a burial-place where three ways meet?
Believe it not; ——— is ——— still,
And never sleeps when he should wake to ill:
——— doth lesser mischiefs by the bye,
The great ones till the term in petto lie:
——— lives, and, to the strictest justice true,
Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.

O my poor Country!—weak, and overpow'r'd
By thine own ſons—ate to the bone—devour'd
By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
With unavailing grief thy wrongs I ſee,
And, for myſelf not feeling, feel for thee.
I grieve, but can't deſpair—for, lo! at hand
Freedom preſents a choice but faithful band
Of loyal patriots; men who greatly dare
In ſuch a noble cauſe; men fit to bear
The weight of empires; Fortune, Rank, and Senſe,
Virtue and Knowledge, leagu'd with Eloquence,
March in their ranks; Freedom from file to file
Darts her delighted eye, and with a ſmile
Approves her honeſt ſons, whilſt down her cheek,
As 'twere by ſtealth, (her heart too full to ſpeak)
One tear in ſilence creeps, one honeſt tear,
And ſeems to ſay, Why is not Granby here?
O ye brave Few! in whom we ſtill may find
A love of virtue, freedom, and mankind,
Go forth—in majeſty of woe array'd,
See! at your feet your Country kneels for aid,
And (many of her children traitors grown)
Kneels to thoſe ſons ſhe ſtill can call her own;
Seeming to breathe her laſt in ev'ry breath,
She kneels for freedom, or ſhe begs for death—
Fly, then, each duteous ſon, each Engliſh chief,
And to your drooping parent bring relief.

Go forth—nor let the Siren voice of Eaſe
Tempt ye to ſleep, whilſt tempeſts ſwell the ſeas;
Go forth—nor let Hypocriſy, whoſe tongue
With many a fair, falſe, fatal, art is hung,
Like Bethel's fawning prophet, croſs your way,
When your great errand brooks not of delay;
Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all ſhe meets,
Trembling and pale—A lion in the ſtreets—
Damp your free ſpirits; let not threats affright,
Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight:
Be as one man—Concord ſucceſs enſures—
There's not an Engliſh heart but what is yours.
Go forth—and Virtue, ever in your ſight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth—the champions of your native land,
And may the battle proſper in your hand—
It may, it muſt—ye cannot be withſtood—
Be your hearts honeſt, as your cauſe is good.

THE POETRY PROFESSORS*.

Old England has not loſt her pray'r,
And George the Good has got an heir;
A royal babe, a Prince of Wales;
—Poets! I pity all your nails—
What reams of paper will be ſpoil'd!
What graduſes be daily ſoil'd!
By inky fingers, greaſy thumbs,
Hunting the word that never comes!
Now academics pump their wits,
And laſh in vain their lazy tits;
In vain they whip, and laſh, and ſpur,
The callous jades will never ſtir,
Nor can they reach Parnaſſus' hill,
Try every method which they will:
Nay, ſhould the tits get on for once,
Each rider is ſo grave a dunce
That, as I've heard good judges ſay,
'Tis ten to one they'd loſe their way;
Tho' not one wit beſtrides the back
Of uſeful drudge, ycleped Hack,
But fine-bred things of mettled blood,
Pick'd from Apollo's royal ſtud,

* This poem was not published in Churchill's name, but is admitted by many to be his; and therefore it was thought proper to annex it to this edition of his Works.

Greek, Roman, nay, Arabian ſteeds,
Or thoſe our mother-country breeds.

Some ride ye in, and ride ye out,
And to come home go round about,
Nor on the green ſward, nor the road,
And that I think they call an Ode:
Some take the pleaſant country air,
And ſmack their whips and drive a pair,
Each horſe with bells which chink and chime,
And ſo they march—and that is rhyme:
Some copy with prodigious ſkill
The figures of a butter bill,
Which with great folks of erudition
Shall paſs for Coptic or Phœnician;
While ſome, as patriot love prevails,
To compliment a Prince of Wales,
Salute the royal babe in Welſh,
And ſend forth gutt'rals like a belch.

What pretty things imagination
Will fritter out in adulation!
The Pagan gods ſhall viſit earth
To triumph in a Chriſtian's birth,
While Claſſic poets, pure and chaſte,
Of trim and academic taſte,
Shall lug them in by head and ſhoulders,
To be or ſpeakers or beholders.
Mars ſhall preſent him with a lance,
To humble Spain and conquer France;

The Graces, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Shall at his cradle dance the Hay;
And Venus, with her train of Loves,
Shall bring a thouſand pair of doves
To bill, to coo, to whine, to ſqueak,
Thro' all the dialects of Greek.
How many ſwains of Claſſic breed
Shall deftly tune their oaten reed,
And bring their Doric nymphs to Town,
To ſing their meaſures up and down,
In notes alternate, clear and ſweet,
Like ballad-ſingers in a ſtreet!
While thoſe who graſp at reputation,
From imitating imitation,
Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
For precious fragments in the Greek,
And rob the 'ſpital and the waſte
For ſenſe, and ſentiment, and taſte.
What Latin hodge-podge, Grecian haſh,
With Hebrew roots and Engliſh traſh,
Shall academic cooks produce
For preſent ſhow and future uſe!
Fellows who 've ſoak'd away their knowledge
In ſleepy reſidence at college,
Whoſe lives are like a ſtagnant pool,
Muddy and placid, dull and cool;
Mere drinking, eating, eating, drinking,
With no impertinence of thinking;

Who lack no farther erudition
Than juſt to ſet an impoſition,
To cramp, demoliſh, and diſpirit,
Each true-begotten child of Merit;
Cenſors who, in the day's broad light,
Puniſh the vice they act at night;
Whoſe charity with ſelf begins,
Nor covers others' venial ſins;
But that their feet may ſafely tread,
Take up hypocrify inſtead,
As knowing that muſt always hide
A multitude of ſins beſide;
Whoſe ruſty wit is at a ſtand,
Without a freſh man at their hand;
(Whoſe ſervice muſt of courſe create
The juſt return of ſev'n-fold hate)
Lord! that ſuch good and uſeful men
Should ever turn to books agen!
  Yet matter muſt be gravely plann'd,
And ſyllables on fingers ſcann'd,
And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
Till Lady Muſe is gone to bed:
What hunting, changing, toiling, ſweating,
To bring the uſeful epithet in!
  Where the crampt meaſure kindly ſhows
It will be verſe but ſhould be proſe;
So when 'tis neither light nor dark,
To 'prentice ſpruce or lawyer's clerk,

The nymph who takes her nightly ſtand
At ſome ſly corner in the Strand,
Plump in the cheſt, tight in the boddice,
Seems to the eye a perfect goddeſs,
But canvaſs'd more minutely o'er
Turns out an old, ſtale, batter'd whore.
Yet muſt theſe ſons of gowned eaſe,
Proud of the plumage of degrees,
Forſake their apathy a while,
To figure in the Roman ſtyle,
And offer incenſe at the ſhrine
Of Latin poetry divine.
Upon the throne the goddeſs ſits,
Surrounded by her bulky wits;
Fabricius, Cooper, Calepine,
Ainſworthus, Faber, Conſtantine,
And he who, like Dodona, ſpoke,
De ſacra quercu, Holyoak;
Theſe are her counſellors of ſtate,
Men of much words, and wits of weight.
Here Gradus, full of phraſes clever,
Lord of her treaſury for ever,
With lib'ral hand his bounty deals,
Sir Cento Keeper of the Seals.
Next to the perſon of the queen
Old Madam Proſody is ſeen,
Talking inceſſant, altho' dumb,
Upon her fingers to her thumb.

And all around her portraits hung
Of heroes in the Latin tongue;
Italian, Englifh, German, French,
Who moft laborioufly intrench
In deep parade of language dead,
What would not in their own be read
Without impeachment of that taffe
Which Latin idiom turns to chafte.
Santolius here, whofe flippant joke,
Sought refuge in a Roman cloak,
With dull Commirius at his fide,
In all the pomp of Jefuit pride:
Menage, the pedant, figur'd there,
A trifler with a folemn air;
And there, in loofe unfeemly view,
The graceleſs, eaſy, Loveling too.

'Tis here grave poets urge their claim
For fome thin blaft of tiny fame;
Here bind their temples drunk with praife,
With half a fprig of wither'd bays.

O Poet! if that honour'd name
Befits fuch idle childifh aim;
If Virgil afk thy facred care,
If Horace charm thee, oh! forbear
To fpoil, with facrilegious hand,
The glories of the Claffic land,
Nor fow thy dowlas on the fatin
Of their pure uncorrupted Latin.

Better be native in thy verſe——
What is Fingal but genuine Erſe?
Which, all ſublime, ſonorous flows,
Like Hervey's Thoughts, in drunken proſe.
Hail, Scotland! hail! to thee belong
All pow'rs, but moſt the pow'rs of ſong;
Whether the rude unpoliſh'd Erſe
Stalk in the buckram proſe or verſe,
Or bonny Ramſay pleaſe thee mo',
Who ſang ſae ſweetly a' his woe.
If ought, and ſay who knows ſo well?
The ſecond-ſighted Muſe can tell,
The happy lairds ſhall laugh and ſing
When England's Genius droops his wing;
So ſhall thy ſoil new wealth diſcloſe,
So thy own Thiſtle choke the Roſe.
But what comes here? methinks I ſee
A walking univerſity.
See how they preſs to croſs the Tweed,
And ſtrain their limbs with eager ſpeed!
While Scotland, from her fertile ſhore,
Cries, "On, my Sons! return no more."
Hither they haſte with willing mind,
Nor caſt one longing look behind,
On ten-toe carriage to ſalute,
The King and Queen and Earl of Bute.
No more the gallant northern ſons
Spout forth their ſtrings of Latin puns,

Nor courſe all languages to frame,
The quibble ſuited to their name,
As when their anceſtors bevers'd
That glorious Stewart, James The Firſt,
But with that elocution's grace,
That Oriental flaſhy lace,
Which the fam'd Iriſh Tommy Puff
Would ſow on ſentimental ſtuff,
'Twang with a ſweet pronunciation
The flow'rs of bold imagination.
Macpherſon leads the flaming van,
Laird of the new Fingalian clan,
While Jackey Home brings up the rear,
With new-got penſion, neat and clear,
Three hundred Engliſh pounds a-year;
Whilſt Siſter Peg, our ancient friend,
Sends Mac's and Donald's without end:
To George a while they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raiſe,
To heap their panegyric wit on
Th' illuſtrious chief and our North Briton.
Hail to the Thane whoſe patriot ſkill
Can break all nations to his will!
Maſter of ſciences and arts,
Mecænas to all men of parts,
Whoſe foſt'ring hand and ready wit
Shall find us all in places fit;

So ſhall thy friends no longer roam,
But change, to meet a ſettled home.
Hail, mighty Thane! for Scotland born,
To fill her almoſt empty horn;
Hail to thy ancient glorious ſtem,
Not they from kings, but kings from them!

The ſix following lines are not inſerted in any former edition of Mr. Churchill's works, though well known to be written by him.

Proud Buckingham, for law too mighty grown,
A patriot dagger prob'd, and from the throne
Sever'd its minion. In ſucceeding times,
May all thoſe fav'rites who adopt his crimes
Partake his fate, and every Villiers feel
The keen deep ſearchings of a Felton's ſteel.

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
July 15. 1770.

THE END.